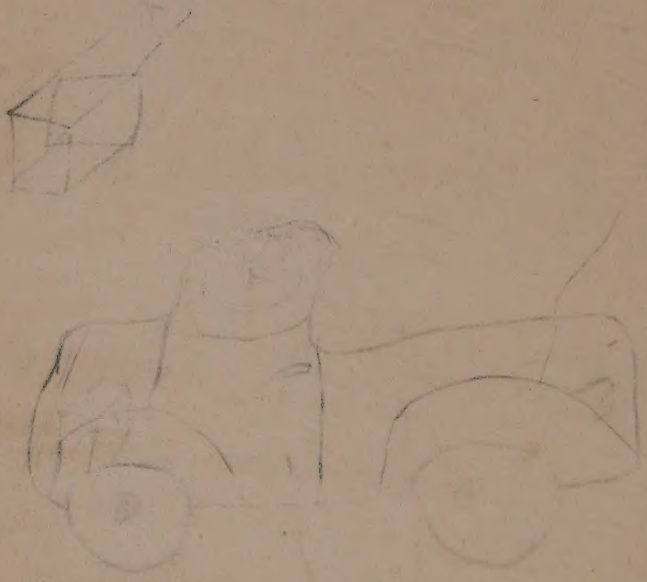
More Streets and Roads



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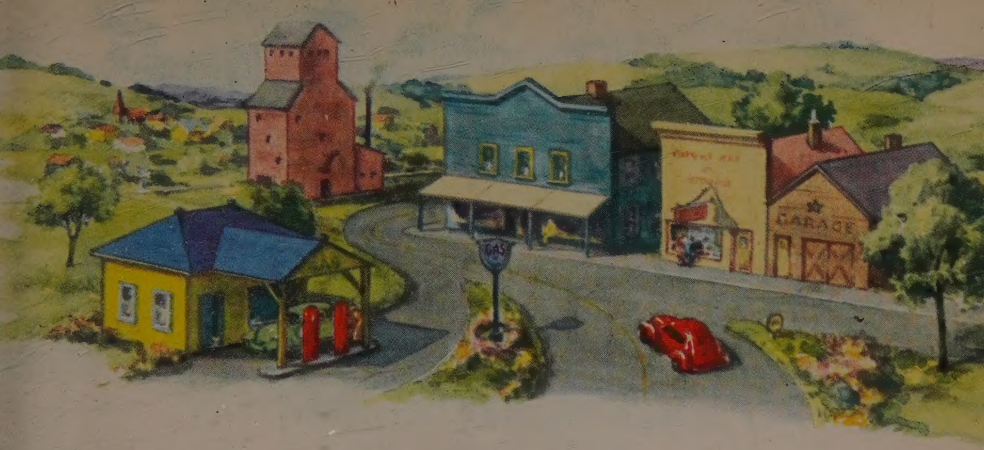

More Streets and Roads

by WILLIAM S. GRAY

and MAY HILL ARBUTHNOT

BASIC READERS: CURRICULUM FOUNDATION SERIES

A Revision of the Elson-Gray Basic Readers

Scott, Foresman and Company

CHICAGO ATLANTA DALLAS NEW YORK

On Village Roads and City Streets

		PAGE
Uncle George and the Voices	ELIZABETH B. DE TREVIÑO.	6
The Lost Puppet	JOSEPHINE PEASE	15
Just like Magic	JOSEPHINE PEASE	21
Who Stopped the Train?	GERTRUDE C. WARNER	29
The Department Store Kitten	ELIZABETH BORTON	37
The Airplane Contest	OLIVE R. COOK	45

On Roads That Lead Different Ways

Ice from the Clouds	ELIZABETH ENRIGHT	56
Mary Ellen Finds a Way	MAY JUSTUS	64
Ricky Goes Fishing	DORIS GATES	72
The Young Cowboy	PHIL STONG	81
A Lift for a Burro	LAVINIA R. DAVIS	91
A Visitor in Camp	KATHRENE PINKERTON	98
Caught in the Fog	VERA ANDRUS	105

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On the Road to Laughter

		Page
Lambkin's Terrible Hat	MARY G. PHILLIPS	114
Mrs. Goose's Bath	MIRIAM C. POTTER	122
The Squirrel That Could Read	FLORENCE C. ATWATER	128
Sojo Gets Some Fish	ERICK BERRY	136
Hot As Summer, Cold As Winter	BERNICE GODDARD	141
Be Careful What You Wish!	CHARLES J. FINGER	148
The Five Hundred Hats	DR. SEUSS	156

Along Animal Trails

Turnips for Whoofy	ALLEN CHAFFEE	168
A Stubborn Little Prairie Dog	JOSEPHINE S. LAU	175
Porky and the Salt	ALLEN CHAFFEE	182
Hop-Along and the Fox	WILLIAM H. BUNCE	190
Streak Has Adventures	GRETTA NORMAN	194
Joan and the Deer	MARJORIE MEDARY	201
Skinny Takes His Own Picture	AGNES A. ATKINSON	209

On Roads of Early Days

The Little Cook	LUTIE A. McCORKLE	218
Mother Shoots a Bear	SPERRY AND DONALDSON	225
A Pot of Fire	BULA HAHN	230
Betsy Goes Traveling	ALICE DALGLIESH	237
Betsy and the Parrot	MARJORIE MEDARY	246
A Home for Sally	SPERRY AND DONALDSON	253

On the Road to Story-Land

The Brownie of Blednock	FOLK TALE	262
Simpleton	FOLK TALE	270
The Man and His Donkey	FABLE	276
The North Wind and the Sun	FABLE	280
The Three Giants	FOLK TALE	284
The Sleeping Beauty	FOLK TALE	295
Cinderella	FAIRY TALE	303

On Village Roads and City Streets

Uncle George and the Voices

The Children Are Surprised

The pretty little village of Northfield had a long street called Main Street. At one end of Main Street there were stores that sold many kinds of things. They sold suits, dresses, shoes, groceries, candy, and ice cream.

And where the stores stopped, the houses began. Almost all of the houses on Main Street were large and had wide yards and tall old trees.

In one large white house lived the Baker family—Bob and Patty and Molly Ann and their father and mother. Tar Baby, Bob's little black dog, lived there, too.

One Saturday in winter the three Baker children were playing out of doors. Molly Ann was trying to make Tar Baby ride on her sled.

Suddenly the children heard their mother calling, "Dinner is nearly ready. And I have a surprise for you, too."

Bob and Patty and Molly Ann all hurried inside to find out what the surprise was. The frisky little dog dashed after them.

"This is your Uncle George," said Mrs. Baker. "He is the surprise! He has come a long way to visit us."

"Hello, Uncle George," said the children.

They had never met this uncle before, but they liked him at once. He was a pleasant, red-haired man with a merry twinkle in his eyes and a big smile on his face.

Uncle George shook hands with Patty and Bob and Molly Ann. And last of all he shook hands with Tar Baby. "Hello, little dog," he said. "What's your name?"

To the children's surprise, they heard the dog answer, "My name is Tar Baby."

Bob and Patty and Molly Ann all stared at the little dog as if they could not believe their ears. Uncle George's eyes twinkled, and Mother smiled.

Just then Father came home from the office, and Mother said, "Dinner is ready."

The family had hardly started eating when they heard a loud roar. Gr-r! Then came another roar, and another! Gr-r! Gr-r-r!

"My goodness," said Uncle George, "that sounds like a lion outside!"

The three children were as puzzled as they could be, but Uncle George looked at them with a twinkle in his eyes.

All at once Patty began to giggle, and she whispered to her brother, "I know where those roars came from, don't you?"

"Yes," whispered Bob, who was giggling, too, "but let's not tell Molly Ann."

When the lion roared again, Molly Ann stared at the door as if she thought a lion was going to walk right in.

But there were no more roars. Instead, there was a loud moo-moo.

"Now I hear a cow!" cried Molly Ann. She got down from her chair to look for the cow.

Then came the quack-quack of a duck, the cluck-cluck-cluck of a hen, and, last of all, a rooster's loud cock-a-doodle-doo.

"My goodness, do you keep animals under the table?" asked Uncle George.

"Maybe the animals are hiding from the lion," said Molly Ann. "I'll look." And she peeked under the table.

"No animals," she said in a puzzled voice.

Everyone laughed—everyone except little Molly Ann.

"Well, I hope the lion has gone away, too," said Bob. He couldn't help giggling again, and neither could Patty.

Molly Ann ran to the window and peeked out. "No lion out there," she said.

Everyone laughed—everyone except little Molly Ann.

After dinner Father said, "I'm going back to the office now. George, don't you want to walk downtown with me?"

"Yes, I'd like to," answered Uncle George.

"Oh, please let us go along," cried Patty.

"All right," said Mother. "And you may buy some groceries. I need a package of cookies, a loaf of bread, and a big package of breakfast food."

As Father, Uncle George, and the children were going out of the door, the dog ran after them, wagging his tail. "Please let me go, too," he begged. Molly Ann stared at him in great surprise, and Tar Baby inquired, "What's the matter, Molly Ann?"

Everyone laughed—everyone except little Molly Ann.

As they walked down Main Street, Tar Baby raced ahead, chasing a squirrel. But it scampered up a maple tree and called out, "Ha, ha, ha, you can't catch me!"

Molly Ann looked so puzzled that Patty couldn't help giggling, and neither could Bob.

As they went along, Father, Uncle George, and the children passed a milk wagon, and Molly Ann stopped to look at the horse.

"Hello, Molly Ann," the horse called out.

"Hello," replied Molly Ann politely. Then she cried in surprise, "Oh, how do you know my name?"

"Why, I've known your name for years," said the horse. "Don't you know mine?"

"No," said Molly Ann. "What is it?"

"My name is Puckity," said the horse, "and I'm a magic horse. That's why I know your name."

"Come on, Molly Ann," said Patty and Bob, giggling again.

"Good-by, Puckity," called Molly Ann.

"Good-by," the horse answered politely.

Uncle George Explains

Uncle George and the children left Father at his office. On the way back they bought a package of cookies, a loaf of bread, and a big package of breakfast food.

When they got home, Uncle George picked up Molly Ann's toy giraffe and inquired, "What's your name?"

"My name is Spotty," replied the giraffe.

Uncle George said, "Goodness, Molly Ann, your giraffe talks! Can your doll talk, too?"

"No, Lily can't talk," answered Molly Ann.

"I can, too," said Lily. "I'm just as smart as that giraffe."

Molly Ann stared at the doll. "Lily never talked before, and neither did Spotty," she cried. "Why can they talk now?"

Uncle George smiled and said, "I'm going to explain that later, but first I want to show you something in my suitcase."

He brought a suitcase from the hall and let the children peek inside. They saw a little wooden man lying there.

Uncle George took the little man out of the suitcase and set him on his knee.

"Woody," he inquired, "can you talk?"

"Yes," replied Woody, "I can when you make me talk."

"Oh, oh, Uncle George," cried Molly Ann, "you are making him talk! And you were the one who made the animals talk."

Molly Ann picked up her doll and said, "Lily, he made you talk, too, didn't he?"

"That's just what happened," said Lily. "Uncle George made me talk."

And this time everybody laughed—even little Molly Ann.

The Lost Puppet

Practicing for the Show

One Monday afternoon Bob Baker, Jane Flood, and Miss Bell stayed after school to practice for a puppet show. Miss Bell's room had invited two other rooms to see the show the next morning.

"Do both of you know your parts?" asked the teacher.

"I'm ready to talk for Punch," said Bob, putting the puppet father on his hand. Punch was a funny little fellow with a long nose.

"I'm ready to talk for Judy and the baby," said Jane. On her right hand she put Judy, the puppet mother, who had a tiny nose. On her left hand Jane put the puppet baby, who had a big nose like Punch's.

The teacher set the puppet theater on a table. Then the children went behind the theater and made the three puppets move and talk.

"Isn't our baby beautiful!" cried Judy. "He looks just like me."

"That isn't true," roared Punch. "He looks like me. His nose is just like mine."

"Ma-a-a-a," cried the puppet baby, hitting Punch's big nose.

"Oh, oh, my poor nose!" screamed Punch. "Quit, you terrible child!"

He gave the puppet baby a slap. "That's what you get for being naughty," he said.

"Oh, goodness, my poor baby!" cried Judy.

As the show went on, Punch scolded Judy, Judy scolded Punch, and they both scolded the puppet baby.

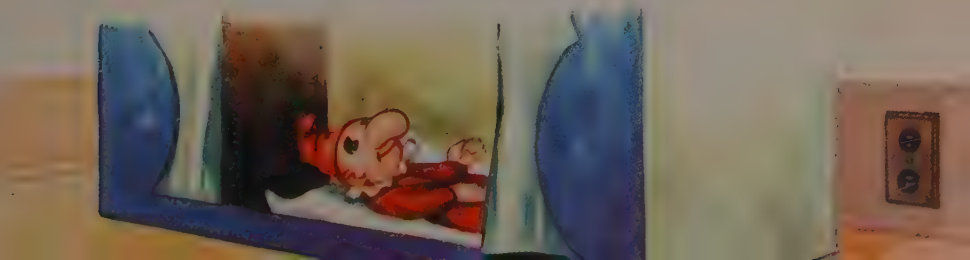
The show became funnier and funnier, and Miss Bell laughed as she watched the three puppets.

"This is going to be a good puppet show," she said. "I'm sure that our guests will enjoy it tomorrow."

After the children had finished practicing, Jane asked Miss Bell if she might take Judy and the baby home with her. "I want to do a little more practicing with them," she explained.

"All right," said Miss Bell. "Bob, do you want to take Punch home with you?"

"No, thank you," said Bob. "I'll just leave him here." Bob lifted the puppet theater down from the table and set it on the floor in a corner. He laid Punch down on a piece of clean white paper in the theater.



Solving a Mystery

Tuesday morning Jane brought back Judy and the puppet baby. But when Bob went to get Punch out of the theater, he had a big surprise. Punch was gone! Bob couldn't find him, and neither could the teacher.

"This is a mystery," Miss Bell said to Bob. "How could Punch disappear? We left him lying in the theater when you and Jane finished practicing yesterday."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Jane. "We're supposed to give our show at eleven o'clock, but we can't give it without Punch."

"Somebody must have taken him," said Bob. "I'll pretend I'm a detective and try to find out who it was. Whoever took Punch may have dropped a handkerchief or left footprints or done something like that. I'll look around and see if I can find anything."

Bob peeked between the theater and the wall. After that he looked in the theater, and then he gave an excited whistle.

Bob held up the piece of white paper that had been lying in the theater and pointed to some muddy spots on it. "Footprints!" he cried. "Now I can solve the mystery!

"Miss Bell, may I go home for a minute? When I come back, I think I'll have Punch, and I'll be able to explain the mystery."

"All right," replied Miss Bell.

Swiftly Bob ran home. When he returned, he was carrying Punch. Behind Bob trotted Tar Baby, his little dog.

"I've solved the mystery!" cried Bob. "I have found Punch. Tar Baby had put him in my little sister's room with her dolls. He is trained to pick up Molly Ann's dolls, and he thought Punch was a doll."

"Why did Tar Baby come to school?" one of the girls asked.

"He often comes to meet me," answered Bob, "and this time he got into the school. As soon as I saw his footprints on the piece of paper, I knew I could solve the mystery."

"You're a good detective," laughed Miss Bell. "You found Punch, and now we can have our show."

"I'll get the theater," said Bob, laying the puppet on a chair.

At once Tar Baby grabbed the puppet and trotted to the door. He was going to take Punch home again, but Bob stopped him.

"Well," laughed Miss Bell, "this shows what happened. It's a good thing we had a clever detective to solve our mystery, or we never could have had the show!"

Just like Magic

Grandmother Is Surprised

"There!" said Bob, as he put the last eggs into the kettle. "These eggs will soon be cooked and ready to color."

It was the day before Easter, and Patty and Bob were going to color eggs. They had green dye in a kettle on the stove, and two packages of dye on the table.

All of a sudden Bob cried, "Why don't we have an egg-dyeing party? We could ask some of our friends to bring eggs, and we could all dye eggs together."

"That's a good idea!" said Patty. "Let's go into the living room and ask Mother."

Mother said that they might have the egg-dyeing party. "But I can't be here," she said. "I promised to take Molly Ann down town and buy her a doll buggy."

"I can help with the egg-dyeing," said Grandmother Baker, who was spending a week with the family. "I don't know any of the children's friends, but I've had plenty of practice in dyeing Easter eggs."

"Oh, that will be fine!" cried Bob. "We'll introduce our friends to you."

Mother and Molly Ann left. "Good-by!" said Mother. "Have a good time!"

"Thanks, Mother," called Bob and Patty.

Then Bob said, "Let's invite the children right away. I'll ask Johnny and Jimmy."

"All right," replied Patty. "I'll try to find Don and Nancy and Jill and invite them. I'll bring them back and introduce them to Grandmother."

Off ran the two children, and Grandmother hurried into the kitchen to get ready for the egg-dyeing party.

She stirred the red dye and the purple dye into hot water.

Just as Grandmother set the red dye on the table, Bob came back with a friend and introduced him.

"This is Jimmy Swift," Bob said. "He is one of our neighbors. He lives right in the next block."

"How do you do, Jimmy?" said Grandmother.

"How do you do?" replied Jimmy politely.

He was a boy with round blue eyes, cheeks as red as apples, and hair the color of straw. He wore a blue sweater with red and white stripes.

All at once Jimmy noticed the eggs boiling in the kettle on the stove. "Why, I forgot to bring any eggs," he cried. "I'll run right home and get some."

Jimmy dashed out of the back door, with Bob following him. "I'll help Patty get the other children," Bob called.

While Grandmother was taking the eggs out of the kettle, she heard the door open again. As she looked up, a boy entered.

He had round blue eyes, cheeks as red as apples, and hair the color of straw. He wore a blue sweater with red and white stripes, and he carried a big bowl of eggs.

"Hello," said the boy. "Here are the eggs to be dyed."

Grandmother was so surprised to see him that she could hardly believe her eyes.

"He didn't spend much time getting those eggs," she thought. "It's just like magic. The boy's name is Swift, and he certainly is swift. Bob said that he lives in the next block. Yet he goes home one instant, and the next instant he's back."

And while Grandmother was thinking this, the boy asked, "Has my brother come with the dye?"

"No," said Grandmother. "You're the only boy I've seen except Bob."

"Then I'll go to the store and buy some dye," said the boy. "Mother gave me a dime to spend. What color shall I get?"

"Well," said Grandmother, "we have red dye and green dye and purple dye. So why don't you get blue or yellow?"

"All right. I'll get yellow," said the boy. He put down the bowl of eggs and ran out.

"Now," said Grandmother, "I'll put these eggs on the stove and start them boiling."

The Magic Is Explained

By the time Grandmother had the kettle on the stove, the door opened again, and a boy entered.

He had round blue eyes, cheeks as red as apples, and hair the color of straw. He had on a blue sweater with red and white stripes. And he carried a bowl of eggs and a package of yellow dye.

"Hello," said the boy. "Here are my eggs and a package of yellow dye that I bought at the store."

"Jimmy!" cried Grandmother. "How in the world did you get back so fast?"

Jimmy looked at her as if he didn't know what she was talking about.

"Why," exclaimed Grandmother, "I can hardly believe my eyes. One instant you leave the kitchen, and the next instant you are back. It's just like magic. Your name is Swift, and you certainly are swift."

The boy looked more puzzled than ever.

"I tried to hurry," he said, "but I didn't know I was that fast. I wanted to get back because I expected my brother would be here looking for me. Didn't he come?"

"No," replied Grandmother, "you and Bob are the only boys I've seen."

Just then Jimmy heard shouts outside the kitchen door, and he looked out eagerly.

"Why, here's my brother right now!" he exclaimed. "Hello, Johnny! I have been looking for you!"

"Hello, Jimmy!" a boy answered, as he entered the room.

With him were Bob and Patty and Nancy and Jill and Don.

Grandmother looked at Jimmy's brother. He wore a blue sweater with red and white stripes. He had blue eyes, red cheeks, and hair the color of straw. He looked just like Jimmy.

"Oh!" exclaimed Grandmother. "Twins!"

"Why, yes," said Bob. "I was just going to introduce them to you."

Grandmother began to laugh. "Well, I've already met them both, but I didn't know it," she said. "This certainly is a joke on me. I couldn't understand how any boy could come and go so swiftly.

"But there are two Swift boys, and so they seem twice as fast as one Swift boy."

Who Stopped the Train?

Trouble and More Trouble

"Hurry up, old train! Hurry up, old train!" sang Molly Ann, as the train moved away from the Northfield station. "I want to get to the city."

"There isn't any use trying to hurry this train," said her sister Patty. "It just goes rattling along."

"That isn't the only trouble with this old train," grumbled her brother Bob. "This train stops at every single station along the way."

It was summer vacation, and the Baker children were on their way to spend a week with their cousin Jack. Their cousin and Uncle Robert and Aunt May lived in the city.

While the train rattled along, the children talked eagerly about what they expected to do in the city. They always had a good time when they visited their cousin.

"I want to go to the park," said Bob, "and I want to go to Uncle Robert's store."

"Oh, yes," said Patty, "I want to go to Uncle Robert's store and see the toys."

All at once the train stopped so suddenly that Molly Ann slid right off her seat to the floor. And her doll Lily slid off, too.

Bob jumped to pick up Molly Ann and dust her off, while Patty picked up the doll.

"I wonder why the engineer stopped the train," said Bob, looking out. "There's no station here. Even this slow old train isn't supposed to stop between stations."

Just then the conductor entered the car and shouted, "Did someone in here pull that cord?" He pointed to a cord that ran along near the top of the car.

"I didn't see anybody pull it," said Bob.

"We didn't see anybody pull the cord," said Patty and Molly Ann.

"Somebody pulled it," said the conductor, "and nobody except me is supposed to pull the cord. I pull it when I want the engineer to stop the train, and I pull it when I want the engineer to start the train."

As the conductor spoke, he pulled the cord, and the engineer started the train. Then the conductor went away.

For a few miles the train rattled along, and then it stopped as suddenly as before. Molly Ann almost slid to the floor, but this time her brother caught her.

Now there was more trouble on the train. When the conductor came back, he found an angry passenger. It was the woman two seats in front of the children. A traveling bag had fallen down and smashed her hat, which had been lying on the seat.

This time the conductor didn't have a chance to say a word. The angry passenger did all the talking.

"Look at my new hat!" she complained. "My bag fell on it when the train stopped so suddenly. It's a mystery to me why the engineer can't keep this train going."

Detectives on the Train

When Bob heard the word "mystery," he had an idea.

He looked eagerly at the conductor and said, "The other day at school there was a big mystery. I played I was a detective, and I solved the mystery. If you'll let me play detective now, I'll try to solve this mystery and discover who pulled the cord."

"All right," replied the conductor, as he signaled for the engineer to go ahead. "If you have solved one mystery, perhaps you can solve another one. And we certainly do have a mystery on this train."

"I'll start hunting right now," cried Bob eagerly, "and see if I can't discover who pulled the signal cord. Whoever pulled it must be somewhere on this train, and I'm going to hunt until I find him."

"I want to be a detective, too," said Patty.

Molly Ann slid down from the seat and picked up her doll. "Lily and I want to be detectives, too," she said.

"All right," answered Bob. "We'll all be detectives. One of us certainly ought to solve the mystery."

"I hope so," said Patty. "We'll never get to the city if the engineer keeps stopping the train. We've already stopped twice."

While the train rattled along, Bob went up the aisle and down the aisle, hunting between the seats and under the seats.

Patty and Molly Ann began to hunt under the seats, but Molly Ann got into trouble. She crawled all the way under one of the seats. Then she and Lily had to be pulled out and dusted off.

After the children had hunted all through the car, Bob said, "We've hunted everywhere in the passenger car. There's no use hunting any more here. Maybe we can discover something in the baggage car."

"Baggage!" exclaimed Molly Ann. "What is baggage?"

"Oh, boxes and packages and suitcases and trunks," explained Bob.

The conductor, who had come back to get the tickets, heard what they said. "Trunks!" he said, laughing. "Come with me, and I'll show you a trunk you would never expect to see in a baggage car."

He opened the door of the baggage car and asked, "Well, children, what kind of trunk do you see in there?"

The surprised children saw a gray trunk waving in the air. It belonged to a baby elephant that was riding in the baggage car.

"What is an elephant doing in a baggage car?" inquired Bob in surprise.

"We're taking him to a circus in the city," explained the conductor.

Suddenly Bob discovered something.

"Oh, look!" he exclaimed. "See what the elephant is doing!"

The baby elephant had lifted his trunk and was winding it around the signal cord. In a second he had pulled the cord, and the train stopped so suddenly that the children and the conductor bumped into each other.

"You're the one who pulled the cord!" cried Molly Ann, pointing to the elephant. "We've found you! We've found you!"

"Well!" exclaimed the conductor. "It's lucky that we have some detectives on this train to solve the mystery."

He signaled for the engineer to start, and the train started off with a toot, toot.

"Thanks for helping me," the conductor said to the children. "Now you run along. I'll stay here and see that this mischievous elephant doesn't pull the cord again."

And after that the old train rattled on to the city without any more sudden stops.

The Department Store Kitten

Tony's Tiger

A few days after the Baker children came to the city, their cousin Jack took Patty and Bob downtown with him.

"First of all, we'll go to Father's store," said Jack.

The store was half a block long and five stories high. All around the outside of the building there were large show windows.

One show window had fine furniture in it, and looked like a bedroom in a home. The children stopped for a minute in front of the window before they went into the store.

Then they went inside and walked up and down the aisles on the main floor. Everywhere they looked, they saw pretty things—handkerchiefs, rings, pocketbooks, jackets, umbrellas, and many other things.

"Let's go to the basement and see Tony," Jack said to his cousins after a while.

Tony was the store carpenter. He was a jolly, friendly man, who was always glad to see the children.

So they went to the basement to call on Tony. Trip-trap went their feet down the stairs that led to the basement. A minute later they were in the room where Tony was at work, fixing some broken furniture.

"Hello, children!" said Tony. "Come here and see my pet tiger." Tony laughed as he showed them a little striped kitten.

"Oh, please let me play with Tiger," cried Patty, taking the kitten in her arms. "Nice kitty," she said, smoothing his fur.

The boys watched the carpenter while he fixed the broken leg of a table. After a while Patty put the kitten on the basement floor and rolled a ball for him to play with.

While Tiger was chasing the ball, a man brought some more broken furniture into the carpenter shop. He left the door open for an instant, and quick as a wink, Tiger dashed out of the carpenter shop.

"Oh, oh!" cried Patty. "Bob! Jack! Help me catch the kitten."

The three children went racing out of the carpenter shop after Tiger. They chased the kitten around the basement, but after a few minutes they lost sight of him.

When they saw the striped kitten again, he was halfway up the stairs that led from the basement to the main floor. And before the children could reach the kitten, he was on the main floor among the customers.

The Tiger Hunt

"Oh," cried Patty, "it's terrible that I let Tony's pet get away. We'll have to catch him. We'll just have to!"

The children raced around and around among the customers. They chased Tiger up and down the aisles between the counters, while the customers stared in surprise.

Then the children lost sight of the kitten again. They looked for him up and down all the aisles on the main floor.

As Patty hurried past the handkerchief counter, she almost bumped into a customer. At that very moment Patty saw the kitten slipping around the corner at the end of the counter.

Patty went racing after him, but when she turned the same corner, the runaway kitten had disappeared.

"Maybe he went outside," said Bob. "Let's see if we can find him."

The three children hurried outdoors and looked up and down the sidewalk in front of the department store. But they didn't see the lost kitten anywhere.

They walked around the block, looking for him. Still they couldn't find Tiger.

When they got back, they noticed a crowd of people in front of the show window where the furniture was. The people at the window were all chuckling and laughing.

"I wonder what they're laughing at," said Jack. "Let's look!"

Jack and Patty and Bob had a hard time making their way to the show window. They had to duck under people's arms and slip through all the little open places.

When Patty finally got close enough to see, she cried, "Oh, how terrible!"

There, lying on the bed, was the striped kitten. He was lying right in the center of a beautiful green silk bedspread, and he was sound asleep.

"Oh, oh!" cried Patty. "There is Tiger! And he's lying on that beautiful silk spread. Oh, what can we do?"

A woman who was standing close to Patty began to laugh. "Look at that card on the bed!" she exclaimed. She read the words, "Sleep like a Kitten in This Bed." Then she said, "If I thought I could sleep like that kitten, I'd buy the bed."

All the people seemed to think that it was very funny to see a kitten lying there asleep near that card.

But Patty felt too unhappy to see any joke. She was sure that Uncle Robert would be angry when he learned that a kitten was in his show window.

"How in the world do you suppose Tiger ever got in the window?" Bob asked.

"Well," replied Jack, "somebody must have opened the door between the store and the window, and the kitten slipped in."

"Uncle Robert won't like this at all," said Patty. "What can we do?"

"There's nothing to do but go to Father's office and tell him what has happened," said Jack.

So the children went to the office. Some men who worked in the department store were in the office with Jack's father. All the men seemed to be enjoying a good joke.

"Uncle Robert won't feel like laughing when he hears about Tiger," thought Bob, as the children walked up to the big desk where Uncle Robert sat.

"Uncle Robert, I have something to tell you," Patty explained. "I let Tony's kitten get out of the basement, and he slipped into one of your show windows. And—and—he's lying on a green silk spread."

"I know it," said Uncle Robert. "These men were just telling me about the kitten."

Then Patty said, "Uncle Robert, I'm sorry the kitten got into the window."

"I'm not sorry," replied her uncle. "I'm glad. We want people to look in our show windows, and that kitten is making them look. As long as he brings crowds to the window, he can sleep on any bedspread in the store."

The Airplane Contest

Jack's Model Airplane

On Friday, the last day of his cousins' visit, Jack was all excited. That morning he was going to fly his model airplane in a contest at the playground. He had built his model himself, and he was proud of it.

Patty and Bob, who were going with him to watch the contest, were almost as excited as Jack.

The three children were all ready to start when Molly Ann came running up to them.

"I'm going along," she said.

"Now, Molly Ann, why don't you stay at home and play with your doll?" said Bob.

"Yes," said Jack, "why don't you?"

"My doll wants to go along, too," replied Molly Ann. "Lily is all dressed up in her new pink silk dress."

Patty whispered to Jack, "Molly Ann will be very unhappy unless we take her."

"All right," said Jack. "We'll take her, but let's hurry."

So off they went—Jack, Bob, Patty, Molly Ann, and Lily in her pink silk dress.

The playground was only a few blocks away, but it took the children quite a while to get there. That was because Molly Ann wanted to stop and look at everything along the way.

"Hurry, Molly Ann!" said Bob. "Hurry up!"

"Oh, we'll be late on account of Molly Ann," Jack thought. "I wish we hadn't brought her. I want to get to the playground and fly Silver Bird in the contest."

Silver Bird was a good name for Jack's plane. The cabin was painted silver, and the wings were covered with gray silk that shone like silver in the sun.

The plane could fly like a bird, too. Once when Jack was practicing, it had stayed up almost three minutes.

When the children reached the playground, they saw about fifty boys and girls around the field where the contest was to be held.

"That man in the center is the starter," Jack said to his cousins. "He gives each plane a number. When the contest begins, he calls out the numbers, and the boys take turns flying their planes. The starter times each plane to see how long it stays up."

The Accident

While Bob and Patty and Molly Ann went over to the side lines, Jack hurried to the center of the field. In a moment he was giving the starter his name and showing him his model airplane.

"You have number ten," the starter told Jack. "When I call, 'Number Ten,' it will be your turn to come forward."

As soon as all the boys were ready, the starter called in a loud voice, "Number One." Then Tim White stepped out with a bright red airplane that he had built.

"One, two, three—GO!" shouted the man, and Tim sent his red plane soaring up into the air, while the crowd cheered.

The starter timed the airplane. It soared up and up and stayed in the air a long time before it came down. It stayed up two minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

One by one the starter called the other numbers, and one by one the boys flew their model airplanes.

When the starter called, "Number Ten," Jack stepped out eagerly with Silver Bird.

"One, two, three—GO!" shouted the man, and Jack sent up the beautiful silver plane that he had built.

Up, up, up it soared, while the boys and girls cheered. As Jack watched it soar in the air and heard the cheering, his eyes shone with joy, and he felt very proud.

The airplane flew for quite a long time before it began to come down. Then all at once Jack noticed that the wind was blowing Silver Bird toward the playground swings.

He held his breath. "Oh, I hope my airplane won't have an accident," he thought.

But the silver plane did have an accident. Bang! It struck one of the swings.

Jack dashed over to pick up the plane. A hole had been torn in one of the wings when Silver Bird struck the swing.

Jack walked over to his cousins and sadly showed them the torn wing.

"I'm sorry Silver Bird's wing was torn," said Patty. "But your plane was wonderful. It stayed up a long time. I think it stayed up the longest so far."

"I think so, too," said Bob.

Oh, how Jack hoped they were right! He could hardly wait to find out if he had won the contest.

After the last plane came down, the starter called out, "Number One and Number Ten are tied for first place. They each stayed up two minutes and fifty-nine seconds. Will the boys who own those two planes please fly them again."

"Oh!" said Jack to his cousins. "Silver Bird can't fly again on account of the torn place in its wing. Now I haven't a chance to win the contest."

Jack showed the starter the torn wing and told him about the accident. "I can't fly my airplane again," he said, "on account of the hole in this wing."

"You still have a chance to win," replied the starter. "I'll wait until you glue a patch over the torn place."

Jack hurried back to his cousins and said, "The starter has given me time to glue a patch over the hole, but I'm afraid I can't do it. I brought some glue, but I haven't any silk for a patch."

"Silk!" cried Molly Ann. "Lily's dress is silk! Take a piece of it."

"Oh, I don't think I ought to cut up your doll's dress," said Jack.

"Lily won't mind if you take a piece of her dress," Molly Ann insisted. "She wants your airplane to win."

Jack turned to Bob and Patty and asked, "Do you think it would be all right for me to take a piece of the dress?"

"Oh, yes, if Lily wants you to," laughed Patty. "We always do what Lily wants."

"Yes, yes," insisted Molly Ann. "Do what Lily wants."

"Go ahead, Jack," said Bob. "Hurry and cut out a patch and glue it on."

"I'll have a chance to fly my airplane again," thought Jack. "This is wonderful." Now he was glad Molly Ann had insisted on coming to the contest!

Quickly Jack cut a broad strip out of the back of Lily's pink silk dress and glued a patch over the hole in the wing.

As soon as the glue was dry, he dashed back to the center of the field.

The starter gave the signal, and the two model airplanes were off.

Up soared the red plane, and up soared the silver plane with the pink patch. While the children on the side lines clapped and cheered, Jack watched the two airplanes eagerly.

They both stayed up for quite a while, and then they both began to come down.

"Stay up, Silver Bird!" shouted Jack in an excited voice. "Stay up!"

And Silver Bird did stay up. A little puff of wind struck the plane, and it stayed up fifty seconds longer than Tim's red model.

This time Silver Bird came down safely, far away from the swings, and Jack ran to pick it up.

"Number Ten, the model airplane with the pink patch, has won the contest," called the starter. "Jack, will you please come here and get your prize?"

All the boys and girls on the playground clapped and cheered when Jack ran to the center of the field.

How his eyes shone as he looked at the prize he had won! It was a big box full of parts for building a new model airplane.

And how Molly Ann's eyes shone when her cousin came back with the prize he had won!

"Look, Lily," said Molly Ann to her doll. "A piece of your pink silk dress won the prize for Jack."

"Yes, it did," said Jack. "Thank you, Lily. Thank you, Molly Ann. I'm very glad you and Lily came to this contest. And when I make my new airplane, I'll name it for both of you. I'll name it the Lily Molly Ann."

On Roads That Lead Different Ways

Ice from the Clouds

Hot Days in the Desert

David Browning and his father and mother were spending a year in the desert.

All the things that grew in the hot, dry desert were queer-looking, and it wasn't like any other place David had ever seen.

In front of the Brownings' house the sandy desert spread out flat and broad as far as David could see. Behind the house was a narrow strip of desert, and back of that rose the mountains.

In summer the desert was very hot, but nearly every morning David went for a ride in the mountains, where it was cooler. He rode on Paddy, his little burro.

One day as David ran out of the house, he bumped against the handle of an ice cream freezer. That freezer was a joke, because it was never used.

When the Browning family moved here, they had brought the freezer with them, so that they could make ice cream. They didn't know until they reached their new home that they would have to go over fifty miles to get ice.

So while David rubbed his leg where he had bumped it, he looked at the ice cream freezer and laughed.

"Ice cream!" he said to himself. "That's a joke. I've never wanted ice cream half so much as I want it in this heat. I wonder if I'll ever taste it again."

Then he went out and got on the burro's back. "Get up, Paddy!" he cried. "Get up! We're going to the mountains for a picnic. I brought some sandwiches."

Paddy started across the narrow strip of desert that lay between the house and the mountains. He took his time, for he didn't like to hurry in the desert heat.

The burro was tiny, with big ears and a sleepy-looking face. He could climb high mountains and follow narrow paths and go anywhere David wanted to go.

No other children lived near David, and so he had no playmates. But Paddy kept him from being lonely. On his burro's back David had many fine trips into the mountains.

The Hail Storm in the Mountains

Soon the burro left the desert and its heat and climbed up a steep path into the cool mountains. David stopped to look down at the broad desert. His own house seemed very tiny from this high spot.

When David glanced at the sky, he noticed a dark cloud overhead. Then it began to sprinkle, and he heard a clap of thunder. A storm was coming!

David made Paddy hurry, for he knew there was a cave not far ahead. In the cave he and Paddy could find shelter from the storm.

Before they could reach the cave, the rain began to pour down. And then in a moment hailstones started to pound on David's back and bounce off his big hat.

Bigger and faster came the hailstones. More of them kept bouncing off David's hat and hitting his back. He was very glad when he finally reached the shelter of the cave.

David slid down from the saddle and led Paddy inside. From the cave he watched the awful storm. The thunder crashed, and the hail bounced and banged as it struck the ground and the rocks.

David thought, "It's a good thing Paddy and I found shelter."

When the storm was over, he saw hailstones lying thick on the ground. He went out and scooped up a handful.

"This hail is as cold as ice!" he cried.

Instantly he had an idea. "Of course it's as cold as ice," he said to himself excitedly. "Hailstones are pieces of ice. And I know what I can do with ice!"

Quickly David scooped up big handfuls of hailstones and packed them in the bags that hung over Paddy's saddle.

When David had filled both saddlebags, he jumped on the burro's back. "Get up, Paddy!" he cried. "Get up! Hurry! We have to get home quickly, before these hailstones melt. They're going to be useful."

The little burro seemed to understand what David wanted. He went trotting down the mountain as fast as he could, and soon he reached the desert.

In a very few minutes Paddy had trotted across the narrow strip of desert between the mountains and the house.

When Paddy came near the house, David called, "Mother! Father! I have some ice!"

"Oh, David!" exclaimed Mother. "Real ice? Where in the world did you get it?"

"It fell from the clouds," laughed David. And he showed his father and mother the hailstones in his saddlebags.

"Bushels and bushels of hailstones fell from the clouds," he said. "I scooped up all that the saddlebags would hold. Let's make ice cream before the ice melts."

"Ice cream!" cried Mother. "Oh, I can't believe it. Ice cream at last!"

The hailstones hadn't melted much. There was plenty of ice left to make ice cream.

Mother took sugar, canned peaches, and canned milk and mixed them. Then she put the sugar and peaches and milk in the tin can that was in the middle of the freezer.

Around the tin can Father and David put the hailstones, which they had mixed with handfuls of salt.

David turned the handle of the freezer, and then his father turned it. When the handle would not turn any more, the peach ice cream was ready, and Mother scooped out three dishes of it.

Just as David started to eat his dish of ice cream, Paddy called, "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

"I think Paddy wants some ice cream," laughed David. "He likes sugar and other sweet things. He might like ice cream."

David gave the burro a little of the peach ice cream. "Eat it up quickly, before it melts," he said.

Paddy ate it all up, and said, "Hee-haw!"

"He likes it," said David. "And no wonder. This is the best ice cream I ever tasted."

"It ought to be good," said Mother, with a laugh. "People don't often get ice cream made with ice from the clouds."

Mary Ellen Finds a Way

Step-Along Steps In

Mary Ellen and her grandmother lived in a lonely cabin high up on a mountainside. Their home was far from any town.

One autumn day Mary Ellen and Granny were busy getting ready for winter.

They had already piled up plenty of wood near their cabin, because they would need to keep a big fire burning in their fireplace. And they were putting away enough food to last all winter, for there were no stores nearby where they could buy things to eat.

They had corn meal to make porridge and corn bread. They also had pumpkins, dried beans, bushels of apples and potatoes, and jars of honey, jam, and apple butter.

"We'll have plenty of food this winter," said Mary Ellen, as she helped Granny put some potatoes in a hole under the floor.

Just then there was a knock at the door. When Mary Ellen opened it, she saw a man whom she knew very well.

"Why, Step-Along," she cried, "I'm glad to see you. Come in."

Step-Along was a man whom the mountain people were always glad to see. He was a peddler who walked from one lonely cabin to another, selling things the people needed.

"Sit down, Step-Along, and rest yourself," said Granny, pulling up the best chair.

Step-Along sat down and opened the big pack that he carried with him. He took out ribbons, pins, and buttons. He took out nails and hammers and tacks and shiny new pots and pans.

Finally he took out some blue cloth and said to Granny, "Here is something pretty. Wouldn't this make you a fine dress?"

Granny's eyes sparkled when she saw the blue cloth. She hadn't had a new dress for a long time.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Just three dollars," said Step-Along, as he held up the blue cloth.

Granny shook her head and sighed. "No, I can't buy it," she said. "I haven't even one dollar."

Mary Ellen sighed, too, as the peddler put the blue cloth in his pack. How she wished that she had enough money to buy the cloth for Granny!

Step-Along Doesn't Step Along

"Well, I must step along now," said the peddler. "Can't stay with you all day."

Granny and Mary Ellen smiled. That was what Step-Along always said when he was ready to leave. The peddler talked so often about stepping along that everyone called him Step-Along.

"Don't talk about going when you've just come," said Granny. "We'll be glad to have you stay and have a bite of supper with us. We have plenty of beans, and I'll mix some corn bread and open a jar of jam."

Step-Along thanked her and said he would be very glad to stay. He put his pack down and began to tell her about the things that other people in the mountains were doing.

Granny didn't often get a chance to visit her neighbors, because the cabins in the mountains were far apart, and the trails were steep. Sometimes she got very lonely. So she was glad to have a visitor from whom she could learn the news.

After a while Granny started supper. Mary Ellen set the table and opened a jar of jam. When the corn bread and beans were ready, Granny called their visitor to the table.

As soon as they had finished their supper, Mary Ellen cleared the table and washed the dishes, while Granny and Step-Along sat and talked.

Then the peddler took up his pack and said, "Well, I must step along now. The wind is blowing hard, and I want to get down the trail to Uncle Peter's cabin before a storm comes."

But when Step-Along opened the door, the wind and the rain came in with a rush.

"Oh, Step-Along, you can't go out in this weather," said Granny. "You had better stay here and sleep in our attic. There isn't any bed up there, but we'll give you some covers to put on the floor." She got some warm covers and gave them to Step-Along.

When Mary Ellen saw the visitor getting ready to go to the attic, she thought how cold it must be up there this stormy autumn night.

"Step-Along," she said, "please take my featherbed to the attic with you. It will be very cold up there this autumn night. The north wind is blowing hard."

At first Step-Along didn't want to take the featherbed, but Mary Ellen said, "I can spare it. I have plenty of covers, and I'll be sleeping near the fireplace, where the heat is. I can spare the featherbed easily."

At last the peddler took it. "Thank you, my dear," he said. "You are very kind. And now I'll say good night and go to the attic."

He went up to the attic with the covers and the featherbed.

Mary Ellen Makes a Bargain

In the morning Step-Along was all smiles. "My, oh, my!" he exclaimed. "That was the best night's sleep I've had since I was a boy. You wouldn't sell your featherbed, would you, Mary Ellen?"

Mary Ellen laughed. She was thinking how funny Step-Along would look carrying a big featherbed along the steep mountain trails. But suddenly she stopped laughing. What Step-Along had said gave her an idea that made her eyes sparkle.

Mary Ellen went over and whispered to the peddler. They talked a little while, and then he opened his pack. Granny was getting breakfast and didn't notice them.

After Step-Along had gone down the trail, Mary Ellen ran over to Granny. Her eyes were sparkling as she said, "Guess what I'm holding behind my back!"

But Granny couldn't guess. So Mary Ellen handed the blue cloth to her grandmother.

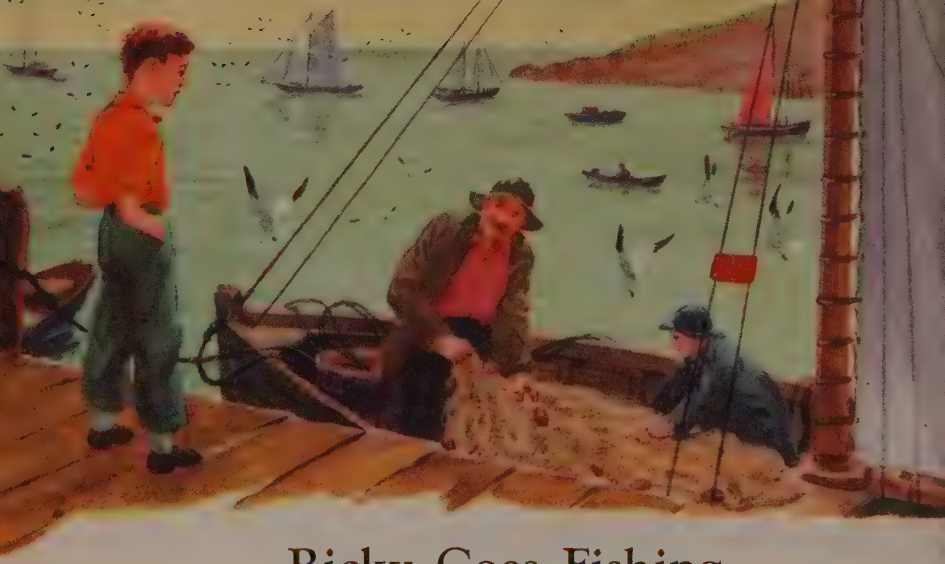
"Oh, Mary Ellen," Granny said with a sigh, "I hate to take cloth I can't pay for."

"It's yours," said Mary Ellen. "I have just made a bargain."

"What is the bargain you've made?" asked Granny.

"Every time Step-Along comes this way," said Mary Ellen, "he's going to sleep in our attic on my featherbed. He's renting it. He says that a good night's sleep now and then is worth more than the blue cloth."

And that is how Mary Ellen found a way to get Granny a new dress.



Ricky Goes Fishing

A New Way to Fish

Ricky's father was a fisherman and made his living by selling fish. Nearly every day Ricky's older brother Joe went fishing with his father.

One Saturday morning Ricky went down to the dock with his father and brother. "Oh, I wish I could go fishing with you!" he said.

"Not this summer," answered his father. "You're still too young to go fishing in the ocean. Next summer I think you'll be old enough to go with us."

Off sailed Ricky's father and brother.

After a while people came to the dock and began fishing from it. Ricky watched them for a long time. Then he decided that if he couldn't go out in the boat, he would fish from the dock, too.

He went home and got a fishing line with a hook fastened to one end. Then he hurried back to the dock.

Down the middle of the long dock Ricky marched. At last he went to the edge and looked down into the clear water.

"My, that water down there looks deep," thought Ricky. "I could fish here almost as well as way out in the ocean."

Suddenly he remembered that his father had told him never to stand near the edge of the dock. So he went back toward the middle.

Ricky wondered how he could fish if he didn't go near the edge. While he stood and thought about it, a man came by. The man, whose name was Mr. Grove, stopped and asked, "Going fishing, son?"

"Yes, I am," replied Ricky, nodding.

"Where's your bait?" asked Mr. Grove, as he looked at Ricky's empty hook.

Then Ricky realized that he had forgotten to bring any bait to catch a fish! When he told this to Mr. Grove, the man roared with laughter.

"Well, I have some bait to spare," he said. "Come over here, and I'll give you some."

Ricky followed the friendly man.

"Here you are," said Mr. Grove. He gave Ricky a handful of cut-up fish and said, "Try this. It's good bait. The fish ought to bite on it."

"Oh, thank you," said Ricky, and his eyes sparkled. "I do hope I can catch a fish."

Mr. Grove laughed. "The ocean is full of fish," he said. "You've as much chance to catch one as anybody else. Good luck!"

Ricky started off, but he still didn't know where to fish. His father had told him not to go near the edge of the dock alone. But how could he drop his line into the water if he didn't go near the edge of the dock?

All of a sudden Ricky dropped down on his knees. He had noticed a big knothole in one of the boards, and he bent over to peek through it.

Far below him the waves went slap-slap against the posts that held up the dock. The water was deep and clear and green. It looked as deep as the water way out in the ocean.

Now Ricky made up his mind what to do. He would fish through the big knothole. It wasn't too near the edge of the dock, and it was large enough for his hook and bait to go through.

After Ricky had put some bait on his hook, he carefully let the line down through the knothole until the hook was in the water.

He bent down and peeked through the knothole to see that everything was all right. After that he let out more line and settled back on the dock to wait.

Now and then people came by and nodded and smiled at Ricky, who smiled and nodded back. Others laughed when they saw the boy fishing through a knothole. But Ricky, whose mind was on his fishing, didn't care.

He bobbed his hook up and down in the water, and once in a while he pulled the line up a little way, to see if any fish had been stealing his bait. But, no! Each time the bait was still on the hook.

Ricky spent a long time waiting, but at last he felt a hard jerk on his line. He had a fish! He gave the line a little pull, and the fish gave it a big pull. Ricky realized that there must be a large fish on his hook, and he held on for dear life.

Ricky knew what to do, for he had spent hours watching people fish.

Each time the fish jerked hard, Ricky let out a little more line. When the jerks were not so strong, Ricky thought that the fish must be tired, and he began to pull in the line, hand over hand.

He had to pull so hard that he was sure his fish was a big one. He pulled and pulled until his fingers ached.

Several people came over to see what was going on, and they began to laugh. Ricky wondered why they were laughing, for he didn't see anything funny.

He bent down and looked through the knothole to find out what was on his hook. He could see the fish through the clear water, and it looked very big to him.

And then, as Ricky pulled the fish closer to him, he realized suddenly that his fish was much too large to be pulled through the knothole!

Soon Mr. Grove came walking along the dock. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"My fish!" replied Ricky, trying hard not to sound as excited as he felt. "My fish is too big. Just look! I can't get it through the knothole."

Mr. Grove bent down and looked through the knothole at the fish. It was flapping and jerking so that the line almost slipped through Ricky's fingers.

Then the man nodded and said, "That's a big fish, all right. You'd better let it down into the water again and keep it near the top. I'll go and get it for you."

Though Ricky's fingers ached, he did what Mr. Grove told him and held on tight. He wasn't going to let that fish get away.

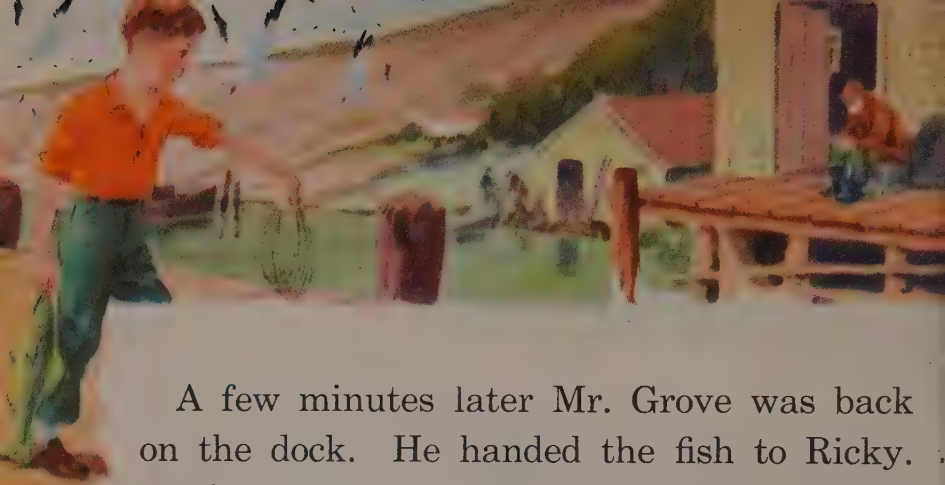
Quickly Mr. Grove climbed down a ladder at the side of the dock and jumped into a rowboat that was tied there.

Ricky watched his fish through the knothole and held on tight to the line. He didn't dare let it slip the least bit.

It seemed like a long time before he saw Mr. Grove push his boat between the posts under the dock.

While Ricky held his breath, his friend reached over and lifted the wiggling fish carefully out of the water. The next second the fish was in the boat.

Ricky watched Mr. Grove as he took the flapping fish off the hook. My, but it did look big!



A few minutes later Mr. Grove was back on the dock. He handed the fish to Ricky.

"Oh, thanks," cried Ricky. "I never could have caught him if you hadn't helped me!"

He laid the fish down just long enough to wind up his line. Then he walked proudly down the dock toward the shore.

All of a sudden he heard his father's voice saying, "Ricky, whose fish is that?"

"It's mine," answered Ricky, grinning. "I caught it through a knothole."

When Ricky's father had heard the story of the knothole, he roared with laughter.

"Well," he said, "that settles it. If you managed to catch such a big fish through a knothole, we had better see what you can do out in the ocean. Tomorrow you may come fishing with Joe and me!"

The Young Cowboy

Sam Gets Some Practice

Sam Wolf lived in Texas on his father's big ranch, which was many miles long and many miles wide.

On this big ranch there were thousands of cattle. There were cowboys to look after the cattle, and there were horses for the cowboys to ride.

Sam was only ten years old, but already he could do some of the things the cowboys did. He could take care of his horse, Texas, and he could ride almost as well as a grown man.

Sam spent a great deal of time on horseback, and nearly every morning he saddled Texas and rode with some of the cowboys.

Sam's best friend among the cowboys was Shorty, who managed the work on the ranch and told the other cowboys what to do. When Sam grew up, he wanted to be a cowboy like Shorty.

It was Shorty who taught the boy how to throw a rope.

"If you're going to be a cowboy, you will have to learn to rope calves," Shorty said to Sam. "But first you'd better practice on fence posts. At least they'll stand still and let you rope them, and calves won't."

So with Shorty's help, Sam learned the trick of throwing a rope. Though at first he missed the fence posts, he practiced until he did better and better.

When he began, he made his horse stand still while he roped a post. Then he roped it while Texas was walking. Finally he learned to throw the rope while his horse was dashing along at a gallop.

One day Shorty came along while Sam was swinging his rope, and the cowboy stopped to watch him. As the rope settled over a post, Shorty said, "Not bad."

"Not bad!" cried Sam. "Not bad? Why, Shorty, I'm good, and I'm getting better all the time. I feel sure that I'll be good enough to rope calves in the round-up."

At the round-up the cowboys rode over the whole ranch, collecting the cattle and rounding them up in one big herd. During the round-up the cowboys lived in a camp miles away from the ranch house.

Sam was sure that helping in the round-up would be just about the most wonderful thing in the world. So he said to Shorty, "You are going to let me help in the round-up, aren't you?"

Shorty grinned. "You can rope that post," he said, "and so you think you can rope a calf! Well, the calves are pretty sure to have their own ideas about that." And off he went, laughing.

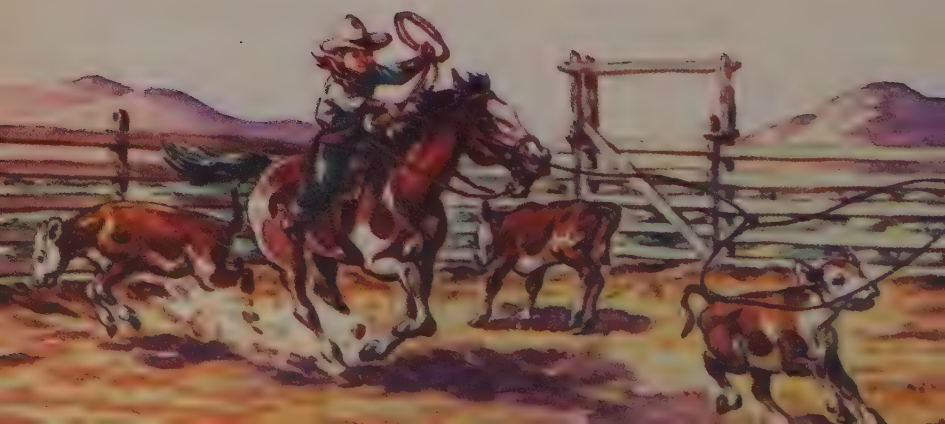
"At least Shorty didn't say I couldn't go," Sam thought. "And if he wants me to rope calves, maybe I can manage that, too."

Sam rode Texas into a cattle pen where a few young calves were kept. He yelled at the calves until they began to run. Then he swung his rope at the calf that ran the fastest. But he missed it.

Again he swung his rope and missed. But the third time he caught the calf.

Day after day Sam practiced. He swung the rope until his arm ached. And at last he could really rope a running calf.

"I won't tell Shorty, though," he said to himself. "When we get to the round-up, I'll let him see what I can do."



Sam Surprises Shorty

On the first day of the round-up Sam was up very early, getting ready to start with the cowboys.

He said to Shorty, "You're going to take me with you, aren't you?"

"Well," replied Shorty, grinning, "you're really too young to help with the round-up, and Texas is too old. He's the oldest horse on the ranch. But since you're both ready, I suppose you'd better go along."

Sam's eyes shone. He was going to the round-up! Maybe he would get a chance to rope a calf or two. Then Shorty would be surprised.

With a great deal of joking and laughter and much squeaking of saddles, the cowboys started out for the round-up camp. Proudly Sam rode along on Texas.

The cowboys rode across miles of country that was almost a desert. They rode for most of the day before they arrived at the camp.

When Sam and Shorty rode up, a number of the cowboys were already at the camp. The wagon with the food had arrived, too, and the camp cook was busy with kettles and pans.

The cowboys were yelling and laughing and having a great time. Tomorrow they would have to settle down to hard work, but they were having fun now.

Shorty and Sam joined them, and after a while they had supper. Then they sat around a big fire and sang cowboy songs.

"This is just as exciting as I thought it would be," Sam said to himself.

The next morning Sam had a fine time watching the riders come in with the first cattle they had collected.

As fast as the cattle arrived, the cowboys took some of them out of the big herd and put them in a smaller herd. These cattle were the ones that Sam's father expected to sell.

For four days the round-up went on. In all this time Sam had no chance to use his rope. But he kept looking for a chance to help. Once in a while he drove back some cattle that were trying to get away from the excited herd.

After all the cattle had been rounded up, Sam watched the cowboys ride into the big herd to drive out the cows with the young calves. Each calf had to be marked on the shoulder with the brand of the ranch.

The ranch that belonged to Sam's father was called the Circle-V, and the brand was a V in a circle. This mark showed that the animal belonged to the Circle-V Ranch.

Sam kept a close watch on everything that the cowboys did. He kept riding around the herd and helping whenever he had a chance.

It was early on the fifth day when Sam noticed that Shorty was in trouble. Shorty had started to drive a calf and its mother out of the herd. He was watching the cow, because she seemed to be excited. He knew that an excited cow could make a great deal of trouble when branding was going on.

But this time trouble came from another cow that Shorty wasn't watching. Suddenly she decided that the calf Shorty was driving must be hers.

Straight at Shorty she came, and charged into his horse. The horse stumbled and almost fell to its knees. Shorty bounced a little in the saddle and was thrown forward. Then the angry cow came charging straight at him for the second time.

At that very instant Sam yelled, "Get in there, Texas! Get in there, boy!"

Texas understood just what Sam meant. He dashed into the herd, and in almost no time he and Sam had shoved the charging cow away from Shorty.

Sam had his rope ready to slap the cow on the nose if she made any more trouble. But she turned and went off, forgetting all about the calf.

Sam turned back to the calf. "Come on, Texas!" he cried. "Shove it out!"

Again Texas understood what Sam meant. Carefully he shoved the calf away from the herd and made it move toward the cowboys who were ready to mark it with the brand of the Circle-V Ranch.

Then Sam saw that Shorty was watching him, and he thought, "I shoved this calf out of the herd, and I'm pretty sure I can rope it. I'll have to be careful, though, because Shorty will never stop laughing if I miss it."

Slowly, easily, carefully, Sam swung the rope and threw it. It slid through the air and caught the calf!

The next minute the cowboys marked the calf with the Circle-V brand and let it go. Off it went, looking for its mother.

Then Shorty rode up. "Thanks, Sam," he said. "You moved fast when my horse stumbled, and it's a good thing for me that you did. But say, where did you learn to rope a calf like that?"

Sam began to grin. "Oh," he said, "Texas and I practiced on calves in the calf pen."

Shorty was grinning, too. "Well, cowboy," he said, "I thought you were too young to work in this round-up, and I thought Texas was too old. But I was wrong. You're both just the right age."

A Lift for a Burro

Though it was very early in the morning, many people were already moving along a narrow, muddy road in Mexico.

They were all going to a village nearby, and they all had things to sell at the market in the village. They had blankets, jars, and bushels of vegetables and fruit.

Some of the people drove loaded burros to the village. Others carried their jars or blankets on their backs or on their heads. There were grown-up people, and there were children of all ages.

Carlos was one of the children who were going to the village with things to sell. He wore a gay blanket on his shoulder, and his burro was loaded with baskets of fruits and vegetables.

Carlos knew that in Mexico the people who reach the market early get the best places. He spoke sadly to his burro in the language of Mexico.

"It is too bad, little one," he said, "that you were stubborn and insisted on stopping to eat grass. Many will be ahead of us."

Suddenly a noise behind him made Carlos jump. He turned and saw an American car with three people in it—a man, a woman, and a boy about his own age.

"Move over, little one," Carlos said to his burro in the language of Mexico. "We must make way for the car."

He tried to shove the burro to the side of the road. But the stubborn little animal set his feet down hard and would not move.

The car could not go on. It had to come to a stop right in the muddy road.

"Move over, little one," the Mexican boy said again in his own language. "We must behave politely to visitors in our Mexico."

Carlos coaxed and coaxed his stubborn burro, and at last he was able to lead the little animal to the side of the road. There he waited for the American car to start.

But though the back wheels went round and round, the car could not move ahead. It was stuck in the mud. So the American man waved to Carlos to go ahead.

Carlos understood what the man meant, and he was eager to hurry on. But he could not leave the strangers in trouble. So he stayed to see if he could help them.

Carlos helped the American man and boy collect fallen branches in the woods and lay them under the back wheels.

As Mexican people kept going past, Carlos looked at them and thought, "They will get all the best places at the market." But still he stayed and helped.

When at last there were enough branches, the man smiled and said, "Thank you."

Though Carlos could not understand the language, he knew what the man meant, and he smiled and nodded.

Then the American man and boy got into their car. But they did not start at once. Carlos could see the boy talking to his father. Then the boy opened the back door of the automobile and waved to Carlos to come forward.

Suddenly Carlos understood. "Little one," he said to his burro, "this is wonderful. I think the kind American people mean that they want us to ride in their car."

And that was just what the people meant.

Carlos led his burro to the open door, and put the baskets of fruit and vegetables in the back seat. Then he tried to get the burro to climb into the car.

"Enter, little one," said Carlos, "and be careful not to stumble."

But the stubborn little beast would not get in. Though the American boy and Carlos coaxed and shoved, they could not get the burro to climb into the car.

All at once the American boy jumped out and picked a handful of leaves. Then he climbed into the back of the automobile and held out the leaves to the stubborn burro.

When the burro reached out for the green leaves, he put his front feet on the running board of the automobile. Quick as a wink Carlos pushed him into the car and jumped in beside him.

Then the three Americans and the Mexican boy laughed until their sides ached.

The man started the automobile, and away they went toward the village, with the queer four-footed passenger in the back seat.

The Mexican boy had never been in an automobile before, and it seemed to him that the car went as fast as the wind. He was so excited that he could not say a word.

Though the little burro had never been in an automobile either, he made a great deal of noise.

"Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw!" he said, as he stuck his head out of the car and looked at the Mexican people that they passed.

The people shouted with laughter and talked very fast in their own language about the queer passenger in the American car.

The Americans and their two passengers were among the first to reach the village.

Carlos found a fine place near the center of the market. There he sat down on his blanket, with his fruits and vegetables in piles around him.

When the Americans left him, Carlos bowed and thanked them politely in his own language.

Then Carlos said to his burro, "Today we had good luck, little one. We rode in an automobile and got to market early. And so we'll sell our things without any trouble."

A Visitor in Camp

Ann Jackman and her father, mother, and brother Philip were camping on Far Lake in the great north woods of Canada. For many miles around the lake there were no towns or roads. There were just great forests and lonely lakes.

Very early one morning Ann woke up. She thought she heard a noise outside, and she wondered what it could be.

She raised her head from the pillow and listened. Then she got up very quietly, without waking anyone else. And she went to look out of the tent.

Ann looked all around, but she couldn't see anything. All at once she heard some loud splashes in the lake, and in a moment she heard more splashes.

Instantly Ann began to imagine all kinds of things. She thought, "Perhaps a big black bear is swimming across the lake to our camp! Or perhaps it's an Indian—an Indian with feathers on his head. Maybe it's a whole lot of Indians."

Ann liked to imagine things and make up wonderful stories. Usually when she told these stories to Philip, he would believe her until he saw his father's eyes twinkling.

Even though Ann's stories were a family joke, Philip had believed her when she said that hundreds and hundreds of bears might come near their camp in Canada.

But Mr. Jackman had laughed at that story. He said that wild animals were usually afraid of people and hid from them.

After that Philip decided he would never believe any more of his sister's stories.

But right now Ann wasn't imagining the sounds that came from the lake. The sounds were real. She heard more splashing and then a loud grunt.

The next minute Ann saw the huge brown head of an animal that was swimming in the water. From the beast's great head rose a broad pair of antlers.

Closer and closer to the beach came the huge animal, swimming slowly through the blue waters of the lake.

When the animal stepped up on the sandy beach, Ann saw that it was a moose. She knew what it was because her father had once shown her a picture of a moose.

"In Canada there are many moose," he had said. "We may be lucky enough to see one, but usually they are shy and keep away from people."

This moose didn't seem to be shy. He came across the narrow strip of beach, right toward the camp.

Suddenly Ann was frightened by this big beast with the huge antlers. She tried to scream, but the only sound she could make was a weak cry.

Her cry was too weak for the family to hear. No one woke up.

But the moose must have heard Ann's cry, for he halted, raised his head with the huge pair of antlers, and began to sniff the air.

Then the great beast began moving again, straight toward Ann.

For the second time Ann tried to scream. Again the only sound she could make was a weak cry. But the moose must have heard her, for again he halted and sniffed. Ann thought he seemed frightened.

When Ann realized that the moose was shy, she began to feel brave. So she stepped out of the tent to get a good look at him. She took a few steps toward the huge beast, but she didn't want to get too close to him.

Then the moose saw Ann, and he turned and moved off into the woods. She watched him until he disappeared.

Ann went back to bed, but she didn't sleep. She lay there wide-awake, thinking about her adventure with the moose. This real adventure was far more thrilling than the adventures she often imagined.

By the time the rest of the family were awake, Ann was dressed and waiting to tell them about her thrilling adventure.

"I was awake early this morning," she began, "and I saw a moose swimming in the lake. He looked as big as an elephant and had a huge pair of antlers. He swam up to the shore, and then walked toward the tents, but I scared him away."

Philip looked at her for a moment with his mouth open. Then he laughed.

"Pooh!" he said. "I don't believe a word of it. If a moose had come that near, I'd have heard him."

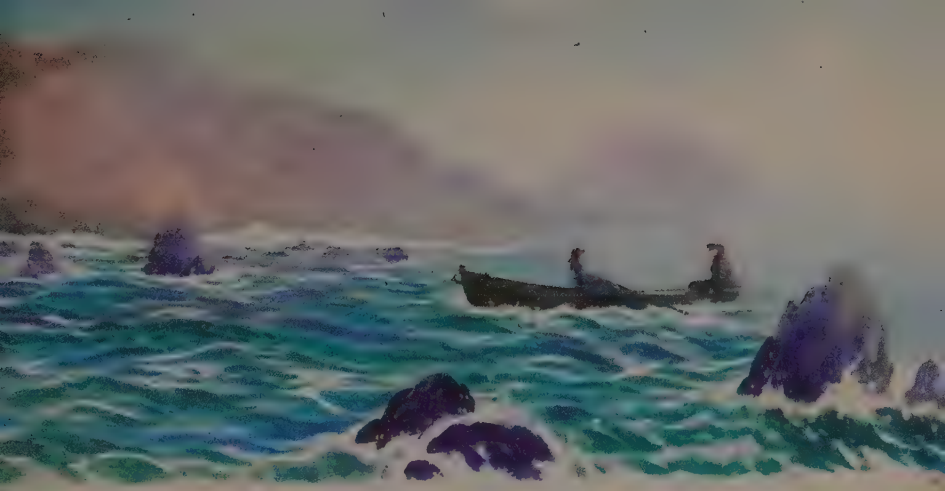
Mr. Jackman chuckled and said to Ann, "You'll have to be careful about imagining stories up here in Canada. It's too easy to check up on you. If a real moose had been here, we could find his tracks."

"There was a moose," insisted Ann, "and he had a huge pair of antlers. He looked almost as big as an elephant. Come with me, and you can check up on the tracks."

Mr. and Mrs. Jackman and Philip laughed, but they went with Ann to the beach. When her father saw the big footprints on the sandy beach, he halted in surprise.

"Why, these are moose tracks," he cried. "Biggest moose tracks I ever saw! Well, Ann, we've checked up, and this time you did have a real adventure. It isn't often that anybody gets so close to a real, live moose."

"And scares him away, besides," said Ann proudly. "I don't have to imagine thrilling adventures here in the north woods. This is a place where thrilling things really do happen."



Caught in the Fog

The Dangerous Rocks

One afternoon Nick was rowing a summer visitor along the coast of Canada.

The sea around them was full of rocks, but Nick could row his boat safely among them, for he knew just where to go.

It had been a bright, sunny day when they started. But all of a sudden fog came in from the sea and settled around them like a thick cloud. It covered up the dangerous rocks along the coast, so that Nick could hardly see them.

"I'll have to watch carefully for rocks," Nick told the man, whose name was Mr. Martin. "They're dangerous. If we should hit one of them, our boat might be smashed."

"Let me take the oars and row," said Mr. Martin. "Then you can sit in the bow of the boat and watch for rocks."

Nick thought it would be safer if he did the rowing himself, but he wanted to be polite. So he said, "All right," and moved up to the bow of the boat.

Mr. Martin took the oars and rowed slowly along, while Nick tried to see what was ahead of them in the thick fog.

All went well for a little while. Carefully, very carefully, Mr. Martin rowed along.

Then suddenly a large rock seemed to jump out of the sea right ahead of them.

"Look out!" yelled Nick. "Look out for the rock!"

Mr. Martin quickly tried to steer the boat to one side. But in his haste he let one of his oars go too deeply into the water.

Before he realized what was happening, the oar was jerked out of his hand by the waves. In great haste Nick reached for the oar, but the waves carried it swiftly away.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Martin. "Now we're in trouble, and it's all my fault."

Nick and Mr. Martin both grabbed the other oar. By hard work they managed to keep the boat from striking the rock.

But still they were in trouble. The boat had almost struck one rock. And hidden in the thick fog, there were hundreds and hundreds of other rocks along the coast.

With only one oar they couldn't steer the boat, and if they let it drift, it would strike a rock. Nick had to do something very fast.

A Friendly Rock

Nick looked at the high, pointed rock they had just missed, and suddenly he thought of something he could do.

He let Mr. Martin have the oar and said, "Please keep the boat steady. I'm going to fasten it to that high, pointed rock."

Carefully Nick moved closer to the bow of the boat and picked up the loose end of a long rope that was tied there.

"I'll make a big loop," he said, "and try to throw it over that rock. Then the boat will be fastened, so that it can't drift away and strike another rock in this fog."

Nick made a large loop in the rope and fastened it with a knot. At the same time Mr. Martin paddled hard with his oar to steer the boat just near enough to the rock and yet not too near.

Nick held himself as steady as he could, aimed at the rock, and threw the loop. When he saw it slip over the pointed rock, he shouted with joy.

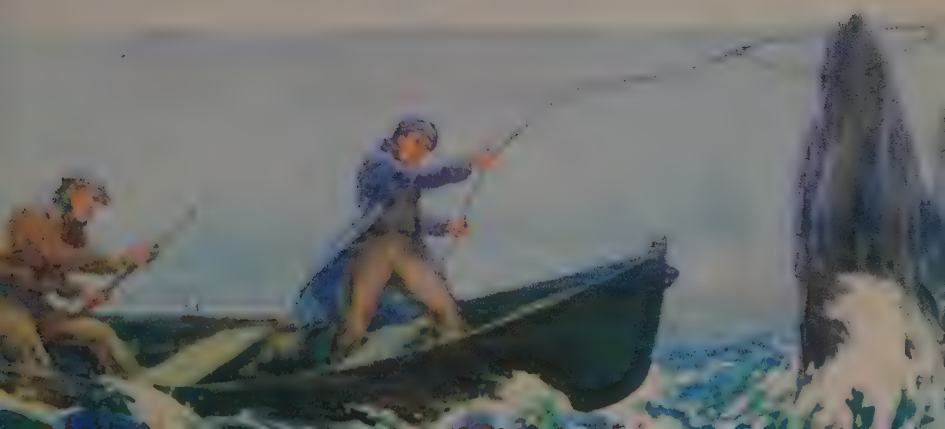
But Nick's joy didn't last long. A second later the rope fell into the water. In his haste he hadn't tied his knot well enough.

He pulled in the rope and quickly went to work to make a better knot. But that was hard to do, because Nick was shivering in the damp, cold air, and the rope was wet. Finally he made a tight knot.

Mr. Martin tried to hold the boat steady, while Nick aimed and threw the loop the second time. Swish it went through the air.

His aim was good, even in the dim light. The loop slipped over the rock and held.

"Well," said Mr. Martin, "I feel better now that I know we can't drift around in the fog. It is a good thing you thought of a way to fasten the boat."



"Well," said Nick, "I have known for a long time that the rocks along this coast are dangerous. But here is one rock that turned out to be a friend."

"It certainly did," said Mr. Martin. "We are safe for a while."

"We are if we can just keep the boat from striking against this rock," replied Nick.

Nick and Mr. Martin took turns keeping the rowboat from hitting the rock. When the boat would drift too close, they would steer it away from the rock. The damp fog crept through their clothes, and they grew so chilly that they shivered.

"Is there any chance that your father will look for us?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"That's what I'm counting on," said Nick. "When he checks up and finds we are not back, he'll start out to search for us in the motorboat."

For half an hour Nick and Mr. Martin sat in the damp boat and shivered. They grew chillier and chillier.

Help at Last

Suddenly Nick held his breath. "Listen," he said. "I think I hear something."

Put-put-put! Put-put-put-put! It was the sound of a motorboat slowly moving in and out among the rocks. Then Nick knew that his father must be searching for them.

In a few minutes the put-put-put-put of the motorboat became louder and clearer.

"That's the most welcome sound I ever heard in my life!" cried Mr. Martin.

He and Nick gave the loudest shouts they could. And the next moment there came an answer. Nick's father and the helper on the motorboat were shouting, too.

Nearer and nearer came the chug of the searchers' boat. Finally its lights shone dimly through the fog.

"Here we are, Father! Here we are! We're tied to a rock!" shouted Nick.

Finally the searchers were able to see the rowboat in the dim light, and they steered close to it.

Then Nick and Mr. Martin got into the motorboat, and they all started home.

After Nick's father had heard the story, he said, "It's lucky you're still alive. This rocky coast is dangerous. How did you happen to lose an oar, Nick?"

"That wasn't his fault. It was my fault," said Mr. Martin. "Nick saved our lives. He kept us from drifting into a rock."

"What really saved our lives was that high, pointed rock," said Nick. "It seemed like another danger at first, but it turned out to be a friendly rock after all."

On the Road to Laughter

Lambkin's Terrible Hat

Lambkin was a cunning baby lamb with a black nose and black hoofs. He lived in a green pasture with his mother.

One morning he saw a woman and a little girl at the pasture fence. "Mother," asked Lambkin, "what are those strange things over at the fence? Are they alive?"

"Yes, they are alive," replied his mother. "They are people."

"What are those cunning things on their heads?" asked the lamb. "Do those lovely flowers grow right out of their heads?"

"No, Lambkin," she answered. "Those cunning things on their heads are hats."

All morning while Lambkin played, he thought about hats. "I'd rather have a hat than anything else in the world," he said to himself. "Where can I get a hat?"

In the afternoon he was still thinking about hats. The day was warm, and all the mother sheep and their little lambs stood in the shade of a big tree to keep cool.

When Lambkin saw that his mother's eyes were shut, he walked away by himself to search for a hat.

He jumped on the biggest rock in the pasture and looked around. But Lambkin couldn't see a thing except clover and grass. There wasn't a hat anywhere.

Then he thought, "If I could only get to the other side of the fence and look around in the woods, perhaps I could find a hat for myself."

Lambkin hunted along the fence until he found a place where he could squeeze under it. Then, with a flip of his tail, he ran off into the cool woods.

Soon he saw some May apple plants that had big green leaves.

"Baa!" said Lambkin aloud. "Baa-aa! I think one of those leaves would make me a cunning hat!"

He butted one of the May apple plants with his head until he broke off a big green leaf. It fell on his head and lay there just like a hat.

Now Lambkin walked proudly along, holding his head high and flipping his tail.

He hadn't gone far when he caught sight of a rabbit watching him from behind a bush. The rabbit was holding his paws over his mouth to keep from laughing.

"What's the matter with you, Bunny?" asked Lambkin.

Then Bunny laughed aloud. "Ho, ho, ho!" he shouted. "Who ever saw a hat made of a green leaf?"

"Stop laughing!" said Lambkin, stamping one front hoof. "Stop, or I'll butt you!"

As Lambkin put down his head to butt, the rabbit hopped away. Hippety-hop! At the same time the leaf fell to the ground, and Lambkin didn't even try to pick it up.

"That wasn't a good hat," he thought. "I don't mind losing it. I'll find a better one."

With a flip of his tail he went on. Soon he came to a garden where he saw an Easter basket that a little girl had lost. Lambkin went over and butted it.

"Baa-aa," he bleated. "Are you alive?" But the basket didn't act alive.

"Are you good to eat?" he bleated. But the basket didn't smell good to eat.

"Then I believe you are a hat!" exclaimed Lambkin, butting the basket. He butted so hard that his head went into the basket, and the handle slipped under his chin.

"Oh, what a hat! Oh, what a gorgeous hat," cried Lambkin.

He tossed his head proudly. He skipped about and flipped his tail and stamped his hoofs. But the basket wasn't like the green leaf. It stayed on his head. Lambkin was pleased with this hat. He knew he couldn't lose it.

Off he ran toward the pasture. He could hardly wait to show his gorgeous hat to the other lambs.

Very carefully Lambkin squeezed under the fence, so that he wouldn't harm his gorgeous hat. Then with a flip of his tail he ran to join the other lambs, who were skipping gayly about, kicking up their heels.

But when they saw Lambkin coming with that strange green and yellow thing on his head, they acted very much frightened.

Lambkin's mother didn't act frightened. She acted very cross. "Lambkin," she said, "what is that terrible thing on your head?"

"It's a hat," he said. "A gorgeous hat." And he tossed his head proudly.

"A HAT!" shouted his mother. "And what is a hat doing on a lamb's head?"

"I thought it looked nice," said Lambkin.

"Take that terrible thing off at once!" his mother ordered.

Lambkin was surprised to find that his mother did not like his hat. He hung his head, and the basket slid down over his eyes, so that he could hardly see.

"Take off that terrible hat!" ordered his mother again.

Lambkin tried to take it off. He tossed his head, and he butted it against a stone. The other lambs crept close and watched him struggle and struggle and struggle.

"Baa-aa," bleated Lambkin. "My head is squeezed too tightly into this hat. Won't somebody help me get it off?"

The other lambs struck at the basket with their hoofs and butted it, but they couldn't get it off.

"Old Billy Goat, who lives behind the barn near the bridge, might help you," Lambkin's mother said. "You'd better go to see him."

"Baa-aa," bleated Lambkin. "Billy Goat is very cross. I'd rather not go to see him."

"Go ahead," ordered his mother. "Billy Goat won't harm you."

"Please come with me," begged Lambkin.

"I can't squeeze under the fence," replied his mother. "Billy Goat won't harm you."

Once more the lamb squeezed under the fence. He walked slowly toward the barn, and soon he came to the goat.

Lambkin was so frightened that he could hardly speak aloud. "Please, sir," he said, "can you take this hat off my head?" But he kept backing away in fright.

"Whoa!" said the goat. "Stand still and I'll help you."

Billy Goat took a bite out of the basket and chewed it up. Next he chewed up the handle, and after that he chewed up the rest of the basket. Lambkin's head was free!

"Baa-aa," he bleated. "My mother was right. She said that you could take this terrible hat off my head. Thank you, sir!"

"You're welcome," said the goat. "And if you ever get another hat on your head, come right back to me, and I'll chew it off for you."

"Thank you, sir," said Lambkin. "But I'll never put another hat on my head as long as I live! Hats are terrible."

Mrs. Goose's Bath

One summer evening Mrs. Goose said to herself, "I think that I'll take a nice bath in my green tub. Usually I just wipe my feathers with a damp cloth, but today I'd rather take a warm bath and get myself wet all over."

She took down the green bathtub from its nail on the wall and put it in the middle of her kitchen floor. She filled the teakettle with water and put it on the stove to heat. Then she sat down in a chair to read the Animal Town paper.

"When the water is warm," said Mrs. Goose to herself, "I will start my bath."

Mrs. Goose read the paper and looked at all of the pictures. Then she suddenly remembered that the teakettle was still on the stove, and she thought the water must be warm by this time. She ran to the stove, and, sure enough, the water was warm—just right for a bath.

"Now for my bath!" said Mrs. Goose to herself. "I'll get my perfumed soap and a towel and a washcloth."

First of all Mrs. Goose got out her cake of perfumed soap. Then she went over to the cupboard and got a bath towel to wipe her feathers dry.

She put the perfumed soap and the towel on a chair beside the tub.

Then Mrs. Goose happened to think that she had forgotten the washcloth. She went to the cupboard again and found a nice blue washcloth with a little flower in one corner.

Back she waddled with the washcloth. She picked up the soap and climbed into the tub.

But as soon as Mrs. Goose was in the tub, she felt that something was wrong.

"The perfumed soap is here, and the flowered washcloth is here," she said to herself in a worried way. "The bath towel to wipe my feathers is on the chair. But still this does not seem like a bath. I wonder what the matter is."

She rubbed her feathers with the washcloth. "This is a funny bath," she said aloud, blinking her eyes in a puzzled way. "Something is wrong. I can see soap, washcloth, me. Soap, washcloth, me. Yes, we are all here, right in the tub. And yet something seems to be missing."

Just then she heard a quacking outside, and she knew that The Three Ducks were going by on their way to the pond.

"Maybe they can tell me what's wrong," Mrs. Goose said to herself.

Quickly she jumped out of the tub, ran to the window, and stuck out her long, funny neck. She looked very much worried.

"Ho, you!" she called to The Three Ducks in a loud tone. "Excuse me for stopping you. But I want you to come in and tell me what's the matter with my bath. Something seems to be wrong."

The Three Ducks laughed, for they knew that Mrs. Goose was always forgetting things.

"You've probably forgotten the soap," they told her.

Mrs. Goose looked around, just to be sure, and then she said, "No, I have my cake of perfumed soap right here in the tub."

"Then you've forgotten the washcloth," said The Three Ducks.

Mrs. Goose looked around again, just to be sure. Then she said, "No, I haven't. It's a blue washcloth, with a flower in one corner. It's right here in the tub, too."

"Well," said The Three Ducks, "we'll come in and look things over. Maybe we can discover what you've forgotten."

So in waddled The Three Ducks.

They looked all around the kitchen.

There was the green tub in the center of the floor. There were the washcloth, the bath towel, the perfumed soap, and Mrs. Goose, waiting to have her bath. And there was the teakettle steaming on the stove.

"I got into the tub," Mrs. Goose explained to The Three Ducks in a worried tone. "I tried to take a bath, but nothing happened. Something is missing, but I don't know what it is."

First, The Three Ducks smiled, then they began to chuckle, and finally they laughed aloud.

"Mrs. Goose," they said, "please excuse us for laughing so hard, but we can't help it. We knew you were funny, but we didn't know you were as funny as that!"

And they looked at the steaming teakettle on the stove.

"Well, what is the matter with my bath?" asked Mrs. Goose, blinking her eyes in a puzzled way.

The Three Ducks tried hard to stop laughing, but they couldn't stop. They laughed so hard that the tears ran down their cheeks, and they had to hold their sides.

"Excuse us for laughing," said The Three Ducks, "but this is very funny. Mrs. Goose, you've forgotten to pour the water into the tub!"

Mrs. Goose blinked her black eyes at the steaming teakettle on the stove.

"I knew it was something important," she said. "But who would ever think I'd forget the water for my bath?"

And she began to laugh, too.

The Squirrel That Could Read

"Ch-ch-ch! Ch-ch-ch!" chattered Herbert, the squirrel. "The newspapers are getting more interesting every day. Now that it's almost Christmas, they are full of pictures of holly and Christmas trees and toys and good things to eat."

Herbert was reading a newspaper that had been left in the park where he lived with his family.

All at once his wife came up and began to scold. "Reading! Reading!" she scolded. "You are always reading! What's the use of reading? It's just a waste of time!"

"Reading is not a waste of time!" replied Herbert. "Reading is very important. When I read, I find out interesting things. Some day I'll teach our children to read."

"All right," replied Mrs. Herbert. "Some day, but not just now. Look at our children. The policeman over there is feeding Betty and Tommy peanuts from a sack, and I'd rather not spoil their fun."

"They'll never learn to read if my wife has her way," sighed Herbert, as she went scampering off. "She thinks reading isn't important. She thinks it's a waste of time."

Herbert went on reading, and on the back page of the paper he came to a picture of a beautiful Christmas tree.

Under the picture were several sentences. When Herbert read some of the sentences, he found out that the tree was downtown in Valentine's department store. One sentence said that this was the largest Christmas tree in the world.

"Well, well! What interesting things I find out by reading," thought Herbert. "I want to see that big tree! I'll just take the next bus downtown. I'm sure I can find Valentine's department store."

Herbert climbed up on a limb of an oak tree and waited while two cars and a truck went past. Then came a bus, and Herbert jumped on the roof and rode downtown.

On his way he noticed people pointing at him and laughing aloud. But that did not bother Herbert. He just hung on and rode along until he saw a big building marked "Valentine's Department Store."

Then Herbert jumped down and went in. The crowds of Christmas shoppers were so busy that nobody even noticed the gray squirrel scampering along the floor among the people's feet.

"I wonder where that Christmas tree is," Herbert chattered to himself.

Suddenly he saw a sign that said, "See the World's Biggest Christmas Tree on the Seventh Floor."

"Ch-ch!" chattered Herbert. "Up to the seventh floor I'll go, but I won't ride in those crowded elevators." So he hunted around until he found a sign that said "Stairs."

It was a long way to the seventh floor, but Herbert was used to climbing.

When he got to the seventh floor and saw the Christmas tree, he said to himself, "Oh, what a gorgeous tree! And if I hadn't read the paper, I wouldn't have known a thing about it. Reading is certainly important."

Herbert leaned back on his tail and gazed at the tree. It sparkled with silver and gold and hundreds of colored balls. It was so bright that it made Herbert blink.

The tree stood in the middle of the toy department. On one side of it Herbert saw toy fire engines, trains, buses, automobiles, and threshing machines. On the other side he saw bicycles, wagons, carts, and skates. Honk went the horns on the cars, and ding-dong went the bells on the fire engines.

A funny clown sat on one of the bicycles, and he was holding a bunch of red balloons.

Hundreds of shoppers were moving between the counters. A crowd of children had collected around a man in a Santa Claus suit.

Herbert jumped up to a high shelf and gazed and gazed at the sights. What a toy department, and what a Christmas tree!

Herbert wanted to climb right up into the sparkling branches, among the bright-colored balls. He sprang to a counter and began to hurry along it toward the tree.

The customers at the counter were so busy buying games and books that at first nobody even saw Herbert.

Suddenly a little boy cried in a surprised tone, "Look at that live squirrel! I'm going to catch him." He made a wild grab for the squirrel's fluffy tail.

Herbert sprang quickly up to a shelf.

"Naughty little boy!" he chattered. "You can't catch me."

Then Herbert looked around to see how he could get from the shelf to the Christmas tree. Below him there was a long counter that reached almost to the tree. An electric train stood on the counter, and a man was just getting ready to run it.

"Ha!" thought Herbert. "I won't have to walk. I'll ride to the Christmas tree on the electric train. It goes like lightning."

Just as the train started, he sprang on the engine. Whiz, whiz, whiz! The train did go like lightning.

"Riding to the Christmas tree! Riding to the Christmas tree!" chattered Herbert gayly.

The boys and girls near the counter were delighted. "Look!" they shouted as the electric train whizzed along, with Herbert on it. Round and round on the track it went.

Herbert was delighted, too. This would be a thrilling adventure to tell his wife and children about.

A man with a camera was there in the toy department, taking pictures. As soon as he heard the children's shouts, he ran to take a picture of the squirrel.

Just then the electric train came to a stop near the Christmas tree, and Herbert sprang into the branches.

"Click," went the camera, and as it clicked, Herbert's picture was taken.

When Herbert saw the camera, he knew what it was. And when he heard the click, he was sure that the man had taken his picture. How excited Herbert was!

And he was still more excited when he saw the man rush to a telephone and heard him say that he had a fine picture of a squirrel for the afternoon newspaper.

"And now," thought Herbert, "I'll hurry to the park and tell my wife and children all about my adventures. Perhaps when they hear what a thrilling time I've had, they'll think reading newspapers is important."

Herbert left the store and went home on the first bus that was marked "Park." The rest of the afternoon he kept watching to see if anybody would leave a newspaper in the park.

And late in the day Herbert found one. He turned the pages until he saw his picture, and then he called his wife and children.

"Look!" he said in a delighted tone. "Here is my picture! I read about the Christmas tree and went downtown to see it. I rode on a toy train that went as fast as lightning, and I had my picture taken on the biggest Christmas tree in the whole world. This all happened because I was able to read. What do you think of my adventures?"

"I think," said Mrs. Herbert, "that Tommy and Betty and I had better learn to read."

Sojo Gets Some Fish

Sojo was a boy who was always sleepy. He woke up sleepy in the morning, and he yawned and stretched and rubbed his eyes all through breakfast. He fell asleep at lunch and slept halfway through dinner.

Sometimes Sojo even slept when he should have been working. For he was a lazy little boy, and he didn't like to work.

One morning his mother called him early.

"Get up," she said to the sleepy little boy. "I want you to go fishing after breakfast and bring back some fish for dinner."

Sojo yawned through his breakfast. Then his mother gave him his fish poles, lines, and hooks. She gave him some worms for bait.

Still yawning, Sojo took the poles, lines, hooks, and worms and started for the river, walking very, very slowly.

When Sojo reached the river, he stuck his poles in the mud, put worms on his hooks, and let the lines down into the river.

Then Sojo should have watched carefully to see if any fish nibbled at the bait. But watching would have been work, and lazy little Sojo didn't like to work. Instead, he stretched out under a tree and went to sleep.

Frogs and turtles came out of the water and looked at Sojo, but he slept on. At last a large frog dived into the water with such a big splash that Sojo woke up.

When he looked at the river, he saw a pelican scooping up fish with his broad bill. The pelican was a queer-looking bird with a big pouch of skin underneath his bill.

Sojo pulled up his fish lines and looked to see whether he had caught any fish, but there was nothing on any of his hooks.

"I wish I knew an easy way to get some fish for our dinner," said Sojo to himself. "Fishing is easy for that bird. He doesn't have to bother with poles and lines and hooks and worms."

And then all at once Sojo had a bright idea. He thought he knew a way to get some fish without doing any work.

He spoke to the queer bird.

"Hello, there, pelican," he called, with a big, lazy yawn. "How's the fishing today?"

"Very good," answered the pelican, as he caught a fish and tossed it into the pouch of skin underneath his bill. "In fact, it's much too good."

"How can it be too good?" asked Sojo.

"Well, you see," replied the pelican, as he scooped up another fish, "I've eaten fish until I've had enough. My pouch is almost full, but still I keep catching fish."

"Why don't you throw some of the fish back into the river?" asked Sojo.

"Oh, I can't do that," replied the pelican. "If I threw them back, they would swim away and tell the other fish about me. Then I wouldn't be able to catch a single fish tomorrow."

"You certainly are in trouble," said Sojo, yawning a big yawn. "The skin of your pouch won't stretch much more. Now if I could just get wide-awake, maybe I could think of some way to help you."

"Please get wide-awake and think," the pelican begged.

"Well," said Sojo, "you are a friend of mine, and I'm very fond of you. So I'll try to think of a plan. But it will probably take a great deal of thinking."

Sojo yawned and stretched, and stretched and yawned, and at last he said, "I have thought of a way to help you."

"Oh, do hurry and tell me your plan," said the pelican.

"Well," said Sojo, getting up very slowly, "perhaps I can carry away some of those fish for you. I've had a good nap, and I'm feeling strong. Of course it would be a great deal of trouble for me, but I'll do it because I'm fond of you."

"Oh," cried the pelican, "could you, and would you?"

Sojo could, and he would. He took some fine fish out of the pelican's pouch and put them on a string. Then he picked up his poles and lines and hooks and worms, took his fish, and went home, yawning.

Sojo's mother surely was pleased to see all the fine fish. And to this day she has never found out how lazy little Sojo did his fishing.

Hot As Summer, Cold As Winter

Far away in a castle there lived a prince who was the only son of the king and queen.

He owned five ponies, eleven puppies, a dozen kittens, and a pet monkey. He owned thousands of books and toys. He got everything he asked for, but he wasn't satisfied.

One day he couldn't think of anything to ask for. And how unhappy he was!

"I want—" he screamed. But he stopped in the middle of his sentence. He couldn't say what he wanted. In fact, he didn't know. At last he cried, "I want something different to eat. It must be as hot as summer and as cold as winter. If I don't get it, I'll never eat anything again!"

The poor, worried queen said she would give him a drum or a fiddle or even get a whole band to play for him. But the prince wouldn't listen to her.

Then the king got up on his golden throne, put on his golden crown, and called for the chief cook and his helpers.

"The prince wants something different to eat," he said. "This new food must be as hot as summer and as cold as winter. Go and prepare it for his dinner."

"Oh, Your Majesty," cried the chief cook, "I don't know whether I can make anything like that. I know how to prepare thousands of things fit for a king or a prince. Some are hot, and some are cold. But not one of them is hot and cold at the same time."

"You must please the prince," roared the king. "Serve what he wants, or off goes your head. Off go all your heads."

"Yes, Your Majesty," said the chief cook.

"Yes, Your Majesty," said the helpers.

They all bowed and backed out of the door.

When the cooks left the throne room, their teeth were chattering with fright. They knew they were in danger of losing their heads. And if there was anything in the world they were fond of, it was their heads.

What excitement there was in the kitchen as soon as the cooks got there!

They tried to remember all the delicious things their mothers had cooked for them when they were boys. But none of those things was hot and cold at the same time.

Then the cooks read all their cookbooks. But none of the foods the books told about was both hot and cold at the same time.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried the chief cook. "We'll never be able to satisfy the prince."

Just then the kitchen boy, who had been peeling potatoes near the chimney corner, spoke up. "Excuse me, sir," he said to the chief cook, "but wouldn't you rather use your heads than lose them? I think I know how I can save your heads for you."

"Please tell us how to save our heads," begged the chief cook and his helpers.

"As I sat peeling the potatoes," said the boy, "I thought of something that would be as hot as summer and as cold as winter. If you will all help, we can prepare it by dinner time. But I must have sugar, cream, and many other things."

The chief cook just stared at the boy in surprise. None of the cooks had thought of asking the kitchen boy whether he could help them. They thought he was only fit to peel potatoes, wipe the dishes, clean the oven, and scrub pans and kettles. The boy had never cooked in all his life.

The cooks were so much afraid of losing their heads that they decided to let the boy try. They put a cook's cap and apron on him. They brought him mixing bowls, spoons, sugar, cream, and everything else he wanted.

"Hurry!" they cried. "Hurry!"

For three hours the kitchen boy and the chief cook and all the helpers were as busy as beavers. Never before had there been such excitement and such rushing about in the kitchen of the castle.

Finally the boy scooped up a spoonful of something cold, poured something hot over it, and handed the spoon to the chief cook.

"Ah! Ah! Delicious!" exclaimed the chief cook, as he tasted the new food. "This is excellent, and it is hot and cold at the same time. I think that it will satisfy the prince. Take it to him quickly before it melts."

The chief cook put a clean cap and apron on the boy and led him up the castle stairs.

The cook's helpers followed on tiptoe, but the cook and his helpers didn't dare go into the prince's room. So, in great excitement, they waited in the hall and on the stairs.

"Good evening," said the boy when he entered the prince's room. "I've brought you something different to eat. In fact, no one has ever eaten anything like it until today. It is as hot as summer and as cold as winter. I thought of it, but all the cooks helped prepare it."

The prince opened his eyes wide. There before him was something that looked like a tiny mountain of snow. The kitchen boy poured over it a stream of thick, hot, brown sauce. Oh, how good that sauce smelled!

When the prince had taken his first spoonful, he exclaimed, "Ah-h-h! Delicious!" And he kept exclaiming, "Delicious!" as he ate the cold food with the hot sauce.

"This is excellent. It really is fit for a prince. And it is as hot as summer and as cold as winter. I'll call it ice cream with hot chocolate sauce."

The queen was delighted. She stood and watched the little prince while he ate one spoonful after another. She watched him until he had eaten every bit.

Then the prince said to the kitchen boy, "This ice cream with hot chocolate sauce is delicious. I'll have it every day for dinner. And when I am king, you shall be my chief cook because you thought of it."

Be Careful What You Wish!

Wishes That Came True

In a village far away there once lived a little old couple who were very poor. Still, they were as happy as if they had everything they could wish for.

One day they had nothing to eat except two bowls of porridge. There wasn't a crumb of bread or a handful of flour in their cottage.

But that didn't worry the old man. "We still have a hen in the barnyard," he said. "I'll sell the hen and buy a bushel of meal. A bushel of meal will be enough to make porridge for weeks."

He took the hen and went off to market, whistling gayly. Soon he met a ragged old beggar woman, who cried, "Kind sir, I am starving. Can you spare me a little money?"

"I have none," said the man. "But since you are starving, I will give you this hen."

"Oh, thank you, kind sir! Your goodness shall be rewarded," said the beggar woman. "Every wish you make today shall come true. But be careful what you wish."

The old man did not believe that the poor beggar woman could make wishes come true.

But he went home and told his wife about the starving beggar to whom he had given the hen. "Please excuse me," he said, "for coming home without any food. I wish I could give you a fine big dinner!"

At once his wish came true. An excellent dinner appeared on the table. In the center stood a bowl of stew. Around it were bread and butter and yellow cheese. There were also peaches with sugar and cream, and there was a dish full of nuts, rosy apples, and fine, ripe pears.

The old couple just stared at the table in surprise. They could hardly believe in their great good fortune.

But before the man had taken one bite, he remembered his neighbors and wanted them to have some good fortune, too. So he made a wish, without stopping to think.

"I wish that my neighbors' cottages were twice as large as they are," he said.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the little old couple heard rumbling and creaking sounds from outdoors.

When the old couple unlatched the door and looked out, they saw a strange sight.

Where there had been neat little cottages, there were now big houses. And they were all rumbling and creaking loudly as they crowded against each other.

The frightened people had rushed outside when their cottages began to grow larger.

"What trouble has come to my neighbors on account of my wishing!" cried the man, as he latched the door again. "Their houses are all out of shape. What can I do now?"

"Do now?" answered his wife crossly, as she sat down at the table again. "Wish for a big house for us. It isn't fair that all our neighbors should have big houses, while we have nothing but this little old hut."

"All right," said her husband. "I wish that our cottage would become ten times as big as it is now, and that the furniture and things in it would become bigger, too."

That instant there came rumbling and creaking sounds. The walls of the cottage spread, and the ceiling rose up and up.

The man stood with his back to the fireplace, looking at the ceiling in surprise.

Suddenly he felt his back growing hot. He turned around and saw a huge, roaring fire. In a great hurry he jumped away. "Keep away from the fire!" he cried to his wife.

But to the old man's surprise, his wife was nowhere in sight. He couldn't understand it. A minute before she had been sitting on a stool, talking to him.

At last he heard a cry from his wife. She was screaming in fright, "Help me down! Help me down!"

Far above him he saw his wife sitting on her stool. But now the stool was a great deal higher than the ceiling used to be. It, too, had become ten times as big as it had been before.

The man had a hard time climbing up the leg of the stool. And he had a harder time helping his wife climb down from the stool.

When the couple reached the floor, their troubles were not over. They couldn't see out of the high windows, the stools were too high to sit on, and they couldn't open the door because the latch was too high.

Then they saw the cat! It had grown ten times as large as it had been before. Now it was a great monster, with glaring eyes and huge teeth.

The fierce monster came creeping across the floor right toward the man and his wife.

"This trouble has all come on account of your wishing," screamed the woman, as the monster came creeping nearer. "Can't you wish something that will help us?"

Without stopping to think, the old man cried, "I wish that we were in the center of the table!"

At once the couple were in the center of the table, right in the bowl of stew.

The stew was so sticky that they could hardly move their feet. But the man helped his wife, and she finally managed to reach the edge and climb up. Then off she jumped, and after that her husband struggled out of the stew.

Still they weren't safe. The monster cat gave a leap and landed on the table. Then it came creeping toward the old couple, its eyes glaring and its tail waving from side to side.

"Wish something quick!" screamed the woman in fright.

This time her husband took a moment to think before he made his wish. Then he said, "Instead of bringing us happiness, my wishing has brought us trouble. Now I wish that I had never wished anything at all!"

Happiness Again

The cottage rumbled and creaked, and in a minute the walls, ceiling, and furniture were the size they had always been before. The man was standing near the fireplace again, and the woman was sitting on a stool.

The cat was no longer a big monster with glaring eyes. It had been changed back to its old size, too, and was mewing softly.

The man unlatched the door, and the old couple saw that the neighbor's houses were again neat cottages of their old size and shape.

The man looked around at the neat cottage. Then he said, "The beggar woman whom I helped told me to be careful what I wished. This time I'll not make a mistake. I'll just wish that we'll always have enough stew to eat."

And the man's last wish brought them happiness and good fortune. As long as they lived, they had plenty to eat in their own neat little cottage.

The Five Hundred Hats

Bartholomew Meets the King

One morning a boy named Bartholomew started to town with his plain old hat on his head.

When he reached the town, voices were shouting, "Make way for the king! Make way for the king!"

"What good fortune for me!" thought Bartholomew, as he saw the king's coach coming toward him. "I'll have a chance to see the king."

"Hats off to the king!" shouted a servant. And Bartholomew took off his plain old hat.

On came the king's golden coach. All at once it stopped, and the king put his head out of the window of the coach and glared at Bartholomew.

"Boy," shouted the king, "do you or do you not take off your hat before the king?"

"Yes, Your Majesty, I do take off my hat before the king," Bartholomew answered.

"Then take it off this very minute!" the king commanded in a great rage.

"But, Your Majesty, my hat is off," replied Bartholomew, and he showed the king the plain old hat in his hand.

"If that's your hat in your hand," the king asked, "what's that thing on your head?"

"On my head?" cried Bartholomew. There did seem to be something on his head. He lifted his hand and touched a hat.

Quickly Bartholomew snatched off the hat. He stared at it and then at his old hat. The two hats were exactly alike. They were the same size, the same color, the same shape, and had exactly the same kind of feather.

"Did I not command you to take off your hat?" roared the king in a rage.

"You did, Your Majesty, and I took it off. In fact, I have taken off two hats."

"Nonsense!" said the king. "Nonsense! If you have taken off two hats, why is there still a hat on your head?"

Sure enough, Bartholomew's head wasn't bare. There was another hat on his head.

The king shouted to a servant, "Take this boy to the palace. We'll teach him to take off his hat."

So the servant climbed on a horse and commanded Bartholomew to get up behind him. Then they rode to the palace, where Bartholomew was taken to the throne room.

The king was wearing a purple velvet robe and looked very grand. "Young man," he said, "I'll give you one more chance. Will you take off your hat for your king?"

"Your Majesty," answered Bartholomew politely, "I will take off my hat—but I'm afraid it won't do any good."

And he was right. It didn't do any good. Every time he took off a hat, another hat appeared. His head was never uncovered. He took off hat after hat until there was a pile of a hundred and fifty hats, all exactly alike. And still his head wasn't bare.

Then the king decided to send for the wisest man in the land. The wise man took one hat after another from Bartholomew's head. But every time he lifted off a hat, another one appeared on the boy's head.

Bartholomew Meets the Grand Duke

Finally a boy about Bartholomew's age entered the room. He was the king's nephew.

"What's the matter, Uncle John?" he inquired, when he saw the angry king.

"This boy won't take off his hat," the king replied.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said the king's nephew, whose name was the Grand Duke Wilfred. "I'll fix him. Just send him out into the yard with me."

"All right," said the king, and the two boys went out into the yard.

The Grand Duke looked at Bartholomew and laughed meanly. "Stand over there against that wall," he ordered. "I need a little practice with my bow and arrow."

The next thing Bartholomew knew, the Grand Duke Wilfred shot an arrow at him. It knocked off Bartholomew's hat, but at once another hat appeared on his head.

Zzz, zzz! The arrows whizzed through the air so fast that they sounded like the buzzing of bees or wasps. The Grand Duke shot one arrow after another until he had no arrows left. Dozens of hats had been shot off, but still Bartholomew's head was not bare.

The Grand Duke Wilfred took Bartholomew back to the throne room and told the king what had happened.

"I shot off hat after hat after hat until all of my arrows were gone," said the Grand Duke. "And look at him. There's still a hat on his head."

"How many hats does that make?" asked the king.

"I think it makes 484, Your Majesty," said Bartholomew.

"I can't stand this any longer!" exclaimed the king, glaring with rage. "What can I do? What can I do?"

"If I were the king," said the Grand Duke Wilfred, "I'd push the boy off a high tower and get rid of him. If you will send him up to the highest tower in the castle, I will push him off myself."

"Wilfred, I'm surprised at you!" exclaimed the king. "But I guess it's a good idea, anyway. Come on, we'll take him up to the highest tower."

Up and up and up the tower stairs climbed Bartholomew behind the Grand Duke Wilfred and the king in his purple robe. A servant climbed up the stairs behind Bartholomew.

"This is my last chance—my very last," thought Bartholomew. He tore off one hat after another and threw them behind him.

The servant counted them as they fell, 485—486—487—488—489—490—491."

All of a sudden the servant stopped. He looked, and then he looked again. The hats had started to change. Now they were not exactly alike.

Hat 490 had two feathers instead of one, and hat 491 had three feathers.

Hat 492 had three feathers and a little red jewel. Hat 493 had four feathers and a big red jewel. Hat 494 had four feathers and two red jewels. Each hat was fancier than the one that came before.

When the servant saw that the hats were no longer alike, he called, "Your Majesty!"

But the king and the Grand Duke were far away where they could not hear the servant's calls. They had already reached the top of the highest tower.

Bartholomew was following along just behind them.

"Step right out here and get up on that wall," commanded the king's nephew. "And don't be so poky about it. I can hardly wait to push you off."

Bartholomew Gets a Magnificent Hat

But when Bartholomew stepped out, the king and his nephew were both very much surprised. Bartholomew was wearing the most beautiful hat that had ever been seen in the land. It was magnificent.

It had large red feathers and large white feathers, and it had a great, sparkling jewel --a diamond that was larger than any the king had in his treasure box. The hat was much more magnificent than the king's own jeweled crown.

When Bartholomew got up on the wall of the tower, the Grand Duke Wilfred took a quick step forward.

Bartholomew felt sure that the Grand Duke would push him off the wall the very next minute.

But just then the king shouted, "Wait!" He couldn't take his eyes off the magnificent hat with the great diamond on it.

"I won't wait," yelled the Grand Duke. "I'm going to push him off now."

Wilfred reached out to push Bartholomew, but the king stopped his nephew.

At that instant the servant came up the tower stairs, still counting hats. "498—499," he said, and then he pointed to the hat on Bartholomew's head. "That one," he said, "makes exactly 500."

"Five hundred!" exclaimed the king. "That is the most magnificent hat in the world. It has the biggest diamond I have ever seen, and it would look beautiful with my robe. My lad, will you sell the hat for five hundred golden coins?"

"Anything you say, Your Majesty," said Bartholomew.

"Ah! It's a bargain, then," said the king. "And it really is a bargain." His hands shook with joy as he reached for the hat.

Slowly, slowly Bartholomew felt the heavy hat lifted from his head. Then he felt the cool wind blow through his hair. His face broke into a happy smile, for his head was bare at last!

"My head is bare!" Bartholomew shouted. "My head is bare! Look, Your Majesty! Look at me!"

"No, you look at me," answered the king. And he put on the magnificent hat right over his crown.

Then arm in arm, Bartholomew and the king went down the tower stairs, and the king gave Bartholomew five hundred golden coins.

Along Animal Trails

Turnips for Whoofy

Whoofy's New Food

"Wa-a-a-ah!" squealed Whoofy, as he slid off a log in his hurry to keep up with Mother Bear.

It was a summer night, and the little cub and his mother were out hunting for food. The two bears had left their home in the forest a short time before. Now they were going across a wide meadow in the bright moonlight.

"Wa-a-a-a-ah!" squealed Whoofy, as he scrambled to his feet. But Mother Bear just waddled ahead, and the cub followed her as fast as he could.

They passed a wheat field, and soon they came to a pasture surrounded by a wooden fence. But the fence didn't stop Mother Bear. She didn't want to make any detours. Over she went, while Whoofy rolled his fat little body under the fence.

Suddenly Mother Bear stood on her hind legs and sniffed. She smelled something good. The cub stood up and sniffed, too.

Mother Bear moved rapidly toward the good smell, and Whoofy followed right behind her.

When they reached the other side of the pasture, Mother Bear could hardly wait to climb over the fence, and Whoofy rolled his fat little body under it in a hurry.

Then the two bears sniffed with delight. They were in a turnip patch. Whoofy could not see anything except big leaves, but his mother knew what was under the ground.

She didn't waste any time but began to dig rapidly. Soon she had dug up several round white turnips.

In a minute Whoofy tasted something he had never eaten before—delicious white turnips. He liked them so much that he immediately dug some more for himself. Both the bears dug up turnips and gobbled them as fast as they could.

But before they had eaten half enough, they heard the loud, fierce barking of a dog. Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!

When Mother Bear heard the barking, she was frightened, for she knew that dogs are enemies of bears.

As the dog came nearer and nearer, she was so frightened that she left the good turnips and started for home in great haste. Whoofy followed her back to the forest.

The next morning Whoofy's mother left him alone in the forest while she went off by herself.

Whoofy didn't stay there very long. He remembered those good turnips in the field on the other side of the pasture. He hadn't eaten half enough turnips the night before, and he remembered how delicious they were.

So he set out to find the turnip patch again. He crossed the open meadow and came to the fence that surrounded the pasture.

When he had rolled his plump little body under it, he stood up and looked around in surprise. Today there were some strange-looking creatures in the pasture. They were only cows and calves, but the cub had never seen any animals like them before.

Whoofy stood up on his hind legs to have a good look at them. Then he started across the pasture toward the turnip patch. He wasn't afraid of the strange creatures. They just kept on eating and didn't even see him.

But suddenly one of the creatures did see him. A small red calf noticed the little bear and began crying, "Ma-a-a-a."

Immediately the little calf's mother turned around and noticed the bear cub. Whoofy looked to her like an enemy that was going to hurt her calf.

Fiercely the cow lowered her long, sharp horns and came charging at the cub.

Poor frightened Whoofy turned and ran as fast as his short legs would carry him. In his haste he tumbled over a rock. The next moment the plump little cub was rolling rapidly down a hill. Over and over he rolled and tumbled. Finally he struck the trunk of a tree. Bumpety-bump! And then he stopped rolling.

The little bear did not waste a moment. Immediately he scrambled up the tree, and soon he was out of the cow's reach. Clinging to a branch, he looked down and saw her near the foot of the tree. She was tossing her head and looking very fierce.

A moment later there was a loud cracking sound, and the small branch that Whoofy was clinging to broke off. He tumbled out of the tree and landed right on the cow's back.

In his fright the little bear dug his claws into her back and hung on. When the cow felt the bear on her back, she tried to shake him off, but he was holding on so tight that she couldn't.

Then she started to run. With the scared cub clinging to her back, the cow charged wildly across the pasture.

Just as the cow came near the fence that surrounded the pasture, she managed to throw Whoofy off. He went sailing right over the fence and struck the ground with a bump.

For a few moments Whoofy lay there, weak with fright. Then he went sniff, sniff, sniff! All around him was the delicious smell of turnips.

He didn't lie there long, but scrambled to his feet and began to dig up turnips with his claws. He gobbled up the good turnips as fast as he could. Now the cub was going to have all the turnips he wanted!

His strange ride had landed him where he wanted to be. Whoofy was right in the middle of the turnip patch!

A Stubborn Little Prairie Dog

Cheeky sat up on his hind legs and gazed around at the large prairie dog town where he lived. The plump young prairie dog was watching his friends and neighbors.

Some of them were sitting up and barking. Some were running about. And a few were coming up out of openings that led to their burrows under the ground.

The prairie was full of these underground burrows that were the animals' homes. A tunnel led from each burrow to the surface of the ground. And around each opening was a pile of earth.

Suddenly there came a loud, sharp bark that meant danger. At the warning signal all the prairie dogs became as still as if they had been turned to stone.

One little fellow had been acting as watchman. It was his bark which had warned the others that danger was near.

Cheeky saw why the watchman had given that warning. A man had a team of horses hitched to a plow. With the plow he was turning up the ground.

As Cheeky watched, the team of horses came closer and closer. Soon the sharp plow would be going through the prairie dog town and destroying the animals' homes.

While Cheeky was gazing at the team of horses, his friends and neighbors began to leave their homes. They were older and wiser than Cheeky, and they knew that they could not stay in the prairie dog town any longer.

Soon dozens of them were scurrying away. They were going to build themselves a new prairie dog town where the man with his plow would not destroy it.

Cheeky watched them scurrying toward a little hill that was covered with rocks and grass. He stood near the entrance to his burrow and looked at them until they were out of sight.

But stubborn little Cheeky wasn't going to move. He stayed right there by the entrance to his burrow and barked loudly as the team of horses came nearer and nearer.

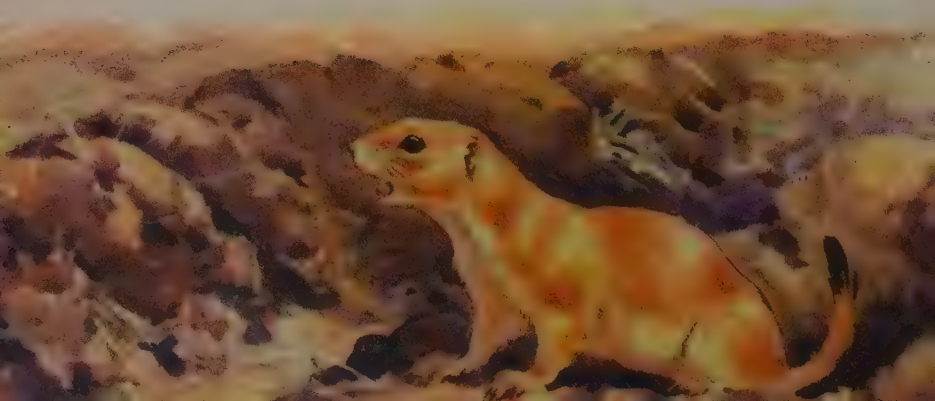
On came the horses, and on came the plow that was turning over the earth. The plow destroyed one prairie dog house after another.

When the horses had almost reached the young prairie dog, he gave another bark and scurried into the tunnel that led down to his burrow.

He had hardly got inside when the plow cut through the earth over his head. Loose dirt fell into the tunnel and closed up the entrance to his home.

Cheeky hated to be shut in. With his sharp claws he dug his way to the surface just as fast as he could and scrambled out of the tunnel.

When Cheeky gazed about him, he saw that the prairie dog town was destroyed. Now there was nothing to be seen except plowed earth. Every prairie dog house had been destroyed.



Cheeky began to bark crossly. Then the man with the plow turned and noticed the angry little prairie dog.

"Hello, young fellow," he said in surprise. "This is no place for you. The rest of the prairie dogs have left. They are going to build themselves a new town. You'd better go away and make yourself a new home, too."

Cheeky didn't understand a word the man said. All that the stubborn little prairie dog knew was that he wanted to remain right where he was.

"Check-check-check!" barked Cheeky very crossly, as the man went away.

Cheeky stubbornly went to work. First he cleaned out the rest of the dirt that had fallen into the tunnel, and then he piled it up around the entrance. Cheeky wasn't going to move. He was going to remain right where he was.

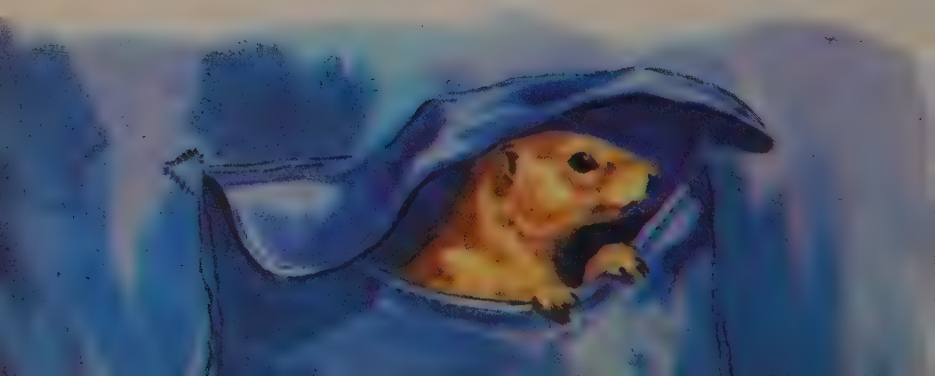
Then the prairie dog scurried into the tunnel and down into his burrow under the ground. There he remained all night.

The next morning when Cheeky came to the surface, he saw the man with the team of horses and the plow. Before Cheeky knew what was happening, the man had picked him up and tucked him in his coat pocket.

"You surely are a stubborn little prairie dog!" exclaimed the man. "But you can't stay here. Since you won't move by yourself, I'll just have to move you."

The man began to walk rapidly across the plowed field.

As Cheeky bounced up and down in the man's coat pocket, he became more and more frightened. The prairie dog struggled until he finally managed to scramble up and grab the edge of the pocket with his claws. Then out popped his head.



The next moment Cheeky jumped out of the pocket. Oh, how glad he was to escape from that dark place! He ran off a little way, while the man stood and watched him.

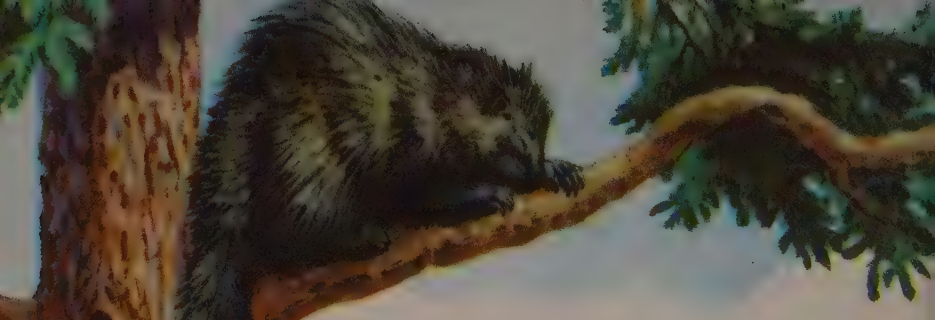
Suddenly Cheeky heard the sharp barking of several other prairie dogs. And then he discovered that he was on the hill where all his friends and neighbors had dug new burrows for themselves.

Cheeky barked in great delight.

"Good-by," the man called after him. "You are a brave fellow, but you're stubborn. Next time your neighbors move, maybe you'll be smart enough to move, too."

Quickly Cheeky scurried around, looking for a place to make his new home. Soon he found a good spot and began to dig a burrow for himself.

Now he was very glad to be with the other prairie dogs. Stubborn little Cheeky had learned his lesson. Now he knew that if his home was destroyed, he might as well go off and make a new one.



Porky and the Salt

Porky Escapes from the Fox

One cold winter day a porcupine lay on the branch of a spruce tree. All day he lay there and slept.

When the light began to grow dim, Porky crawled down from the tree and began to look for food. He stopped at a small spruce tree nearby and peeled off a piece of the bark and ate it.

Then he went along the bank of a small stream. On he walked through the snow, looking for something else to eat.

Now and then Porky stopped to nibble the tender tips of some branches. But what he really wanted most was salt, and he knew where to find it.

He would go to the lumber camp where some woodcutters lived in a big log cabin. They had come to cut down trees in the spruce forest.

Porky had been at the lumber camp just the day before. He had found a big board on which the cook had cut up salt meat. The porcupine had gnawed the salty board until the cook drove him away.

Now he was going back to find that salty board again. He waddled along toward the lumber camp.

When he came near the camp, he began to smell salt. Porky wiggled his nose and took a deep breath as he moved toward the good smell.

Closer and closer he came to the lumber camp, and soon he found something just as good as the salty board.

Behind the log cabin there was an empty wooden box lying on top of the frozen snow. The box had once been full of salt meat, and the wood was very salty.

The porcupine whistled with delight. For once in his life he would have all the salt he wanted!

He stretched himself out on the frozen snow beside the box and began to chew at the delicious salty wood.

A few moments later Porky heard a fox barking near him, but that didn't worry him. He wasn't afraid of foxes.

Though Porky could not run fast and was not a fierce fighter, he didn't have to be afraid of the other creatures in the woods. He was protected by quills that covered his back and sides and his big tail.

These quills were sharp, and they pulled out easily. Any animal that got too near Porky was likely to get a nose or a paw full of sharp, stinging quills. So even large animals let Porky alone.

The barking of the fox came nearer and nearer, but still Porky wasn't afraid. He went right on chewing at the salty box with his strong, sharp teeth.

Suddenly Porky noticed that the sly fox was digging a tunnel under the frozen crust of the snow. He was planning to creep up under the porcupine, whose tender stomach was not protected by quills. The fox wanted to take a bite out of it.

But Porky knew how to protect himself by curling up like a ball. He tucked his face between his paws and curled up so that he looked like a big ball covered with quills.

His soft, tender stomach was on the inside of the ball, and now it was protected, too. He felt as safe as a clam inside its shell.

The porcupine slapped his tail from one side to the other as a warning to the fox. He seemed to be saying, "Come nearer, if you dare, old fox."

Of course the fox couldn't see what the porcupine was doing, because his head was down under the snow. He could hear the porcupine's tail slapping on the crust of snow, but he was so hungry that he kept right on digging his tunnel.

When the fox came up to the surface of the snow, he got a big surprise. Instead of a bite of soft, tender stomach, he got a mouthful of hard, sharp quills.

Then how he howled with rage! He ran off as fast as possible, still howling. The fox didn't do any more hunting for porcupine meat that night.

Porky heard the fox go. But for a long time he remained curled up on the frozen snow, with his nose tucked between his paws. He kept his soft, tender stomach well protected.

For a long time he listened to the fox's howls, which came from farther and farther away. But Porky didn't move until the howls were very, very faint.

Porky Escapes Again

When the howls were so faint that Porky could hardly hear them, he stretched himself, waddled over to the box again, and started gnawing at it.

The salty wood tasted delicious!

But the crust of the frozen snow was so smooth that the meat box kept sliding around and getting away from him. It was hard to gnaw a box that wouldn't stand still.

Porky stretched out his front paws to hold the box steady. It still tipped a little. So he took hold of it with his teeth and claws, to hold it as steady as possible. Before he knew what was happening, the box turned upside down over him and covered him up.

Porky was terrified when he found that he was shut up in the dark box. He tried his best to escape, but the wooden box shut him in on all sides.

The porcupine clawed at the box, and he pushed at it and pulled at it, trying to get away. He raised his back just as high as possible and stretched, but he could not get rid of the box.

When he took a few steps forward, the box went with him, sliding over the smooth crust of snow.

Inside the box the smell of salt was very strong. That was the most delicious smell in the world to Porky. He had traveled a long way to find salt. And before he had eaten half as much as he wanted, the box had tipped over and covered him up. He was caught in it, just as if it had been a trap.

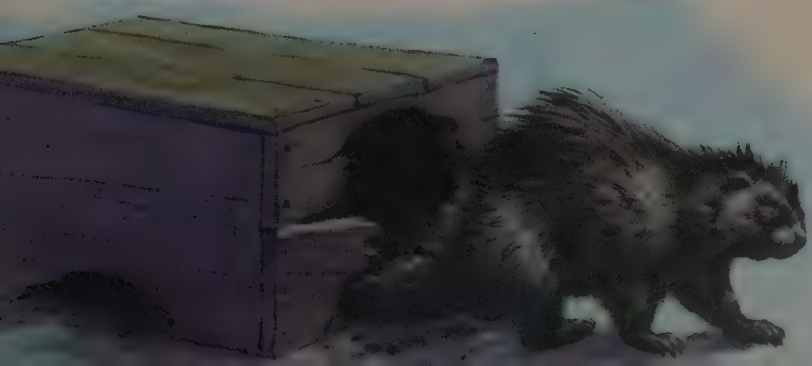
The salt smelled so delicious that after a while he stopped trying to escape from the box and decided to finish the meal he had started.

So again Porky began to gnaw on the salty boards with his strong teeth. For once he was getting all the salt he wanted! He was so busy gnawing on the salty boards that he forgot all about wanting to escape.

He gnawed and gnawed, until finally he had gnawed a small hole right through one end of the meat box. As Porky chewed around the edges of the hole, it grew bigger and bigger.

And just when the porcupine had eaten all the salt he wanted, he noticed that he had gnawed a large hole in the salty box. He put his black head through the hole, and then he pulled his plump body through the hole.

Porky was free! He had freed himself by eating the best dinner of his whole life.



Hop-Along and the Fox

In an open space in the spruce woods, the moonlight sparkled brightly on new-fallen snow.

Hop-Along, a young snowshoe rabbit, ran out from the spruce trees and leaped into the open space.

He joined a merry group of rabbits that were playing in the moonlight. They hopped and tumbled about in the snow and ran and leaped merrily. Their big feet made many footprints in the snow.

Suddenly one of the rabbits in the group heard the faint sound of an animal creeping through the bushes.

The terrified rabbit gave three thumps as a danger signal. Thump, thump, thump went one of his strong hind feet on the snow.

Away he scurried as fast as possible, and away scurried the other rabbits. When they heard the thumps, they knew that an enemy must be near.

They scattered in all directions. Quickly their big white feet moved over the snow, as they left the open space and ran for the woods. Soon every rabbit except Hop-Along had found a safe shelter.

Hop-Along had been the last of the group to dash away. Close behind him came the enemy, a red fox. Like a flash the snow-shoe rabbit darted toward the woods, and like a flash the fox darted after him.

Into the spruce woods darted the terrified rabbit. His big white feet hopped quickly over the surface of the snow.

Suddenly he came to a narrow, curving path, and like a flash he turned and darted down it.

Hop-Along hoped to escape from the fox by making a quick turn. But the fox was too smart. He turned in the same direction.

The red fox didn't find it easy to run on the curving rabbit path. He was too big to jump and twist and turn as swiftly as Hop-Along did. First one foot and then another went slipping down into the drifts of snow at the sides of the path.

But it was easy for the rabbit to follow the narrow path. He had traveled along it so many times before that he knew every curve and turn in it.

All at once, as Hop-Along darted around a turn in the path, he saw a plump, round animal that filled the whole path in front of him. It was Porky, the porcupine.

The plump porcupine filled the path, so that there wasn't room for Hop-Along to get around him. If he kept on running, he would run right into Porky's sharp quills.

There was only one thing for the rabbit to do. With a flying leap, Hop-Along sprang over the porcupine. He didn't stop then, but kept on running along the path.

By that time the fox was so close to Porky and was going so swiftly that he bumped right into the porcupine. The next second the fox's nose was full of sharp, stinging quills.

While the fox howled with rage, Hop-Along scurried to a safe shelter far away.

Streak Has Adventures

The Young Opossums Have a Ride

Streak was a baby opossum. He and his eight brothers and sisters had been born in the early spring.

The opossum babies were weak and very tiny when they were born, and their mother carried them around with her. She carried them in an odd way. Underneath her body was a soft pouch of skin. Everywhere the mother opossum went, she took her babies with her in this pouch.

The baby opossums spent the first weeks of their lives in the pouch. They lived on their mother's milk and were warm and safe.

About six weeks after they were born, the baby opossums were old enough to crawl out of their mother's pouch and hunt food for themselves.

One moonlight night the mother opossum took her babies to the woods to find food.

She led them along through the grass and weeds until they came to an old stump. With her claws she raked out some bugs, which she and her babies gobbled up very fast.

Soon the baby opossums were digging bugs from the stump, too.

While they were gobbling up bugs, they suddenly heard the odd cry of an owl. They were still very timid, and immediately all of them except Streak scrambled up on the mother's back and clung tightly to her fur.

Streak was not so timid as the others. Instead of getting on his mother's back, he went off in another direction to find some food for himself. Soon he came to a larger stump and began to scratch bugs out of it and gobble them up.

All at once Streak heard something that made him tremble with fear.

Bow-wow! Bow-wow! A dog was barking not very far away. The young opossum had never been so frightened in all his life.

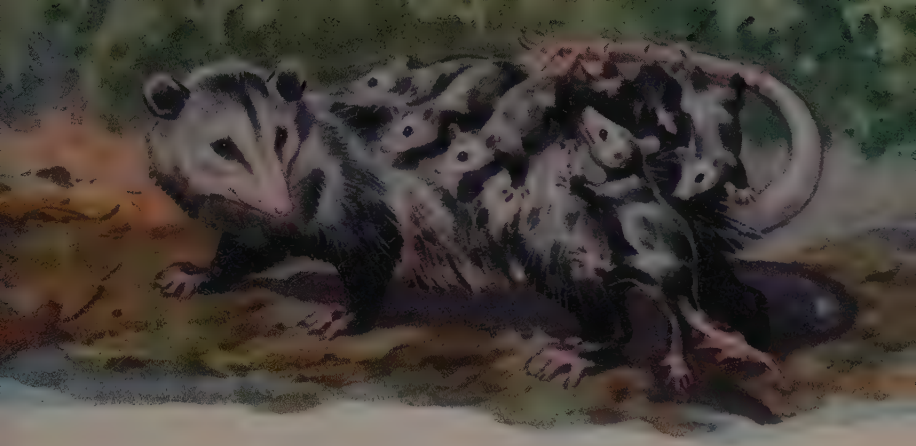
How he wanted his mother! But where, oh, where was she? He ran in all directions, looking for her.

Soon the baby opossum began to grow very tired, because he wasn't used to running. But Streak didn't dare stop, for the barking dog was coming closer and closer to him.

Little Streak ran and ran until his short legs ached and he was out of breath. Just as he was about ready to give up, he saw his mother running toward him.

Her tail was curled high over her back. Clinging to her fur were Streak's brothers and sisters, with their tails wrapped tightly around their mother's tail.

Mother opossum was an odd sight with all those babies clinging to her, but she was a very welcome sight to Streak.



There wasn't a moment to spare. The old opossum stopped beside Streak for just an instant, and he scrambled to her back. He wrapped his tail around hers and clung to her fur with his claws.

Then the mother opossum raced for a tall tree close by. The young opossums had a swift ride, but they clung so tightly to their mother with their claws and tails that not one tumbled off.

Up the tree scrambled the mother, with the trembling young opossums clinging to her. And she reached safety just in time, for a second later the dog was scratching and growling at the foot of the tree.

Streak Fools the Fox

Weeks went by, and Streak learned more about hunting for food. He learned about keeping away from his enemies, too.

One night the opossums were hunting for food. Streak's timid brothers and sisters stayed with the mother opossum, but again Streak wandered away.

He scratched some juicy worms out of an old log and ate them. Then he wandered on and found a berry patch. He spent a long time eating the delicious fruit.

Streak was far away from his mother when he caught sight of a red fox creeping up behind him. The fox was a dangerous enemy, and Streak trembled with fear.

Always before, when he had been scared, Streak had run to his mother, and she had carried him to safety. But this time he had wandered so far that he didn't know which way to go to find his mother.

For a second the young opossum stood perfectly still and watched the fox.

Then Streak did a very odd thing. He fell over on the ground. He opened his mouth and let his tongue hang out. There he lay, limp and still, with his legs stretched out straight. He didn't seem to be breathing, and he looked as if he were dead.

The fox came and stood over Streak for a while and watched him, but the opossum didn't move.

Finally the fox poked Streak with his paw. But still the opossum didn't show any sign of life. He lay perfectly still and limp.

So the fox went away and left Streak lying on the grass. The fox was very hungry, but foxes do not like to eat animals that they have not killed.

There really wasn't a thing the matter with Streak. He had only been playing dead, so that the fox wouldn't eat him. By pretending to be dead, opossums often fool enemies that could kill them. That is their favorite way of protecting themselves from their enemies.

After the fox had gone, Streak lay limp and quiet for a while. Then he scrambled to his feet, breathing rapidly. His eyes were bright, and his ears stood straight up.

Streak did not look dead now. In fact, he looked very much alive.

He didn't waste a second, but ran at once for safety. Nearby there was a tree, and he went up the trunk like a flash.

He ran out on a branch, wrapped his tail around it, and hung from it, head down. There he swung by his tail.

Streak was in plain sight of dogs and foxes, but they couldn't reach his high branch. He had fooled a dangerous enemy, and now he was resting.

Joan and the Deer

Joan was spending her vacation at Aunt Susan's cottage, which was in a beautiful spot surrounded by woods.

There were many wild creatures in the woods. Often Joan was waked up early in the morning by the tweet-tweet of a wren, the caw of a crow, or the cry of a bluejay. She often saw chipmunks, squirrels, and deer in the forest. Joan liked the deer best of all. They were her favorite animals.

She was delighted because her aunt had tamed a doe and two fawns. They would eat scraps of food out of Aunt Susan's hand.

At first they were timid with Joan, but she spent a great deal of time making friends with them. After a few weeks they would take food from her hands, too.

Joan grew very fond of the deer, and she named them all. Bramble, the smaller fawn, was her favorite. He always ran straight to her to get food.

One morning when Bramble came into the front yard, Aunt Susan was working upstairs and didn't see him. Joan ran to the kitchen and got some food for the fawn.

She found some cabbage, three turnips, and some scraps of cooked food. She took these outdoors and fed them to Bramble.

But Bramble was still hungry. He stood waiting patiently for more food. So Joan went back into the house to see if she could find anything else for her favorite fawn.

"There aren't any more scraps," she said to herself, looking around the kitchen. Then she saw a piece of chocolate cake on a shelf. "I wonder whether a deer will eat cake," she thought.

She hurried to the front door with the cake and was surprised to see Bramble waiting at the bottom of the porch steps. He had never come so close to the house before.

"Perhaps I can get him to come into the house if I'm patient," thought Joan. "I'll try to coax him into the living room."

She held out the cake, and Bramble came timidly up the steps, reaching for it.

Slowly Joan moved backward across the porch, and the fawn followed her. She held out the cake to him, and he tried to lick the frosting.

"You like cake, don't you, Bramble?" Joan said, as she stepped inside the open door. "I'm fond of it, too. It's my favorite food."

When the fawn walked into the cottage, Joan was so excited that she could hardly breathe. She kept perfectly still and tried not to alarm him.

She fed Bramble a bit of the cake, and the fawn followed her slowly as she walked backward across the living room. Step by step he came forward until he reached the middle of the room.

Joan fed him the cake that was left in her hand and let him lick off the crumbs that clung to her fingers.

Suddenly Aunt Susan called from upstairs, "Joan! Oh, Joan!"

When the fawn heard the voice, he raised his head. His ears stood up, his gentle eyes grew big, and his body began to tremble with fear.

Joan could see that the fawn was alarmed by her aunt's voice.

"Oh, Joan!" Aunt Susan called again.

It was plain that Bramble was terribly alarmed. He was trembling more and more.

He took a few steps toward the big living room window and looked out, acting more and more frightened.

"This is getting serious," thought Joan in alarm. "If my aunt calls again, Bramble may jump through the window. He doesn't know anything about glass, and he thinks that the window is just an open space in the wall. If he jumps, he'll break the glass and cut himself. He might even be killed."

Oh, how worried Joan was!

In some way she must let her aunt know that Bramble was in the house and that he was frightened. But how could she do that?

If Joan shouted to Aunt Susan, the fawn would be even more alarmed. And if she remained silent, her aunt might call again. Then the trembling deer would surely jump through the window and have a serious accident.

At last Joan thought of a way to quiet the frightened fawn and at the same time let her aunt know that he was in the house.

She would talk to Bramble gently, but she would talk loudly enough so that her aunt could hear. While she was talking to the fawn, she would really be warning her aunt to be silent.

And that is exactly what Joan did. She kept her eyes on the fawn and talked to him in a gentle voice, so that she would not alarm him. But she spoke loudly enough for her aunt to hear.

"Don't be afraid, Bramble," she said. "That was just Aunt Susan calling me. She doesn't want to frighten you. She doesn't even know that you are in the house."

As Joan spoke, she moved slowly toward the open door. She walked backward and kept her eyes on the fawn.

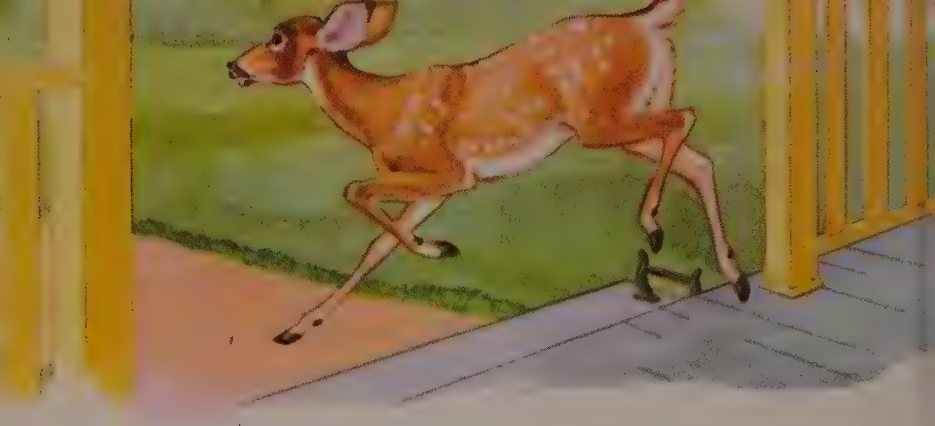
Once more Joan spoke to him. "Come, Bramble!" she said.

She hardly dared to breathe. She was afraid the fawn would jump and break the glass in spite of anything she could do. It seemed like a long time before the fawn turned his head and looked at her.

Again she spoke gently, but loudly enough for her aunt to hear. "Now don't be afraid, Bramble," she said. "I won't let anything harm you. And Aunt Susan isn't going to call out again and frighten you."

When her aunt heard what Joan was saying, she knew that the fawn was in the house. She was careful not to make any noise, while she waited patiently at the head of the stairs.

Walking backward, Joan led the fawn to the door. "Come on, Bramble," she coaxed. "Come outside."



Then Bramble ran out on the porch and made a quick leap to the ground.

When Joan went back into the house, her knees began to tremble, and she felt limp.

"Oh, Aunt Susan," she said, as her aunt came downstairs, "I was afraid Bramble was going to jump through the window and break the glass."

"You did some quick thinking when you talked to him like that," said Aunt Susan. "As soon as I heard you, I understood that you were warning me to be silent. But how did you ever coax him into the house?"

"I gave him a piece of cake," said Joan. "I was glad when he came in, but I was twice as glad when he was safely out."

Skinny Takes His Own Picture

Skinny Helps Himself

Skinny was a young gray fox, and he was in serious trouble. For three days he had been looking for food, but he had not found any. He was so hungry that he was weak.

There had been a great fire in the forest where he lived, and it had killed many of the animals. Skinny and his parents had managed to escape from the fire. But after it was out, Skinny couldn't find any food, and neither could his parents.

On the third night after the fire the young fox wandered off by himself, hunting for food. For a long time he wandered about in the darkness. When he came near the edge of the forest, he noticed a faint smell of food. The starving fox moved silently toward the wonderful smell.

Soon he came to a stone wall. Now the scent of food wasn't faint. In fact, it was so strong that Skinny was sure there was food beyond the wall.

There was a strong scent of people, too, and Skinny knew people were his enemies. In spite of his hunger, he was afraid and didn't know whether to go farther or not.

Staying in the shadows, he crept timidly forward. Finally he grew bold enough to jump on the wall and look over the top.

In the space beyond the wall Skinny saw a big electric light which made everything as bright as day. Food was spread on a rock, and a porcupine and a raccoon were eating there.

The porcupine and the raccoon didn't seem frightened by the scent of people or by the light. They had discovered long ago that the people who lived in the house close by would not harm them. And they had learned that food of all sorts was put on the rock every day.

Many other wild creatures came to the rock for food. In the forest some of them were enemies. But here, where there was plenty of food, they all ate together without fear of each other.

From a window in the house the people who fed them often watched the creatures at the rock. With their cameras they sometimes took pictures of the animals.

But of course Skinny didn't know anything about people who were kind to animals. To him people meant danger.

For quite a while the hungry young fox watched from the safety of the shadows. Skinny was so hungry that his tongue hung out and his stomach ached.

Suddenly the light went out. But Skinny had sharp eyes, and even in the darkness he could see two figures moving toward the rock. A tall man and a little girl in a sweater were coming from the house. The man had a pan filled with scraps of food.

At the sight of the two figures the raccoon and the porcupine ran off a little way, but they didn't seem much scared. Skinny ran for the shelter of some bushes, and there he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

But he felt faint with hunger, and after a while he looked over the wall again. When he saw that the two figures were gone, he darted to the rock and grabbed a mouthful of food. The light was still off, and he felt bolder in the darkness.

Poor, starving Skinny ate and ate, until he had enough. Then he found a snug place in the bushes, curled up, and went to sleep. He didn't wake up until it was almost daybreak, and then he went off to the den where he had left his parents.

Skinny Helps His Parents

Skinny found his mother and father in their snug den, which was in a hole under a tree. They could see that Skinny had found food. They were very hungry and wanted to get something to eat, too.

All day long they waited patiently in the den. But when darkness came, they left the den. Skinny led his parents toward the rock where he had found food.

As they came near the rock, the scent of people was so strong that the old foxes were alarmed. They were too shy to go any farther, in spite of their hunger.

Skinny boldly jumped up on the wall and looked down. This time he saw a ground-hog eating at the rock.

Though Skinny barked to call his parents, they wouldn't leave the safety of the bushes. At last their hunger was so great that they went to the wall and peeked over it. But the electric light frightened them so much that they ran back to the bushes.

Again and again Skinny sprang boldly on the wall to show his parents that there was nothing to be afraid of. He barked and barked, but his parents wouldn't follow him to the top of the wall.

Skinny kept barking. "Don't be afraid," he seemed to be saying. "There is nothing to harm you."

Skinny's parents were still very shy, but the scent of the good food made them hungrier and hungrier.

At last their hunger was so great that they became bold. They jumped up on the wall and looked at the rock beyond it. Then they saw the food.

Just then the light went out, and two dark figures came out of the house again. This time the little girl in the sweater was carrying a pan of scraps, and the man had a camera.

The two old foxes were so terrified at the sight of the people that they jumped down from the wall and hid in the shadows of the bushes. As the dark figures came closer, even Skinny decided that he'd better run for safety. He raced to the woods and hid in the darkness.

The young fox didn't see the man put the camera on a stand and fasten a string to it. The other end of the string was tied to a slice of bread, and the camera was aimed at the bread.

The man had a very clever plan. He hoped that some animal would eat the bread. Any animal that ate it would pull the string and take his own picture.

As soon as the people went away, the light flashed on again.

Skinny returned to the wall and barked for his parents to follow him. Slowly and silently they crept to the wall and peeked over it. How good the food looked!

At last they jumped down to the rock and gobbled the food. When the two old foxes had eaten all they wanted, they ran back to their snug den in the forest.

But Skinny didn't hurry with his dinner. He felt very bold as he ate one mouthful after another, and he enjoyed himself very much.

At last he reached for the slice of bread that had the string tied to it. As soon as Skinny picked up the slice of bread, the camera clicked. The gray fox had taken his own picture!

On Roads of Early Days

The Little Cook

Betsy Stays at Home

A long time ago when George Washington was President, there lived a pretty little girl named Betsy Chase.

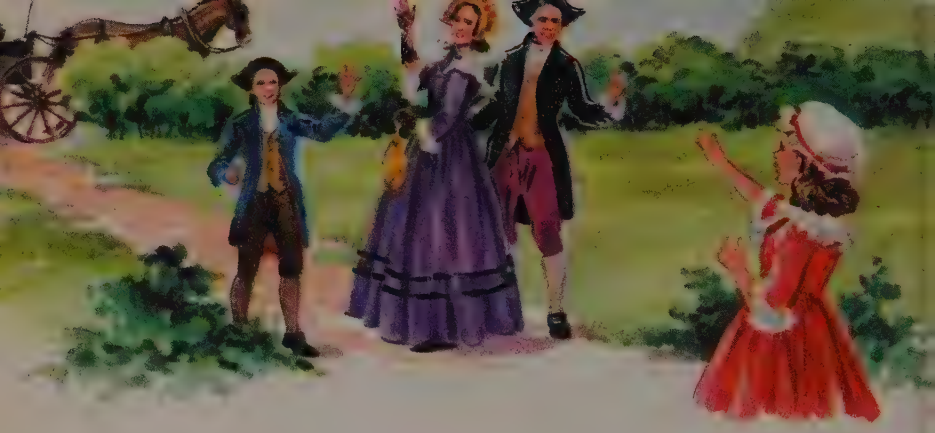
Her home was on a farm at the edge of a forest, and the nearest neighbor lived in a log cabin several miles away.

There was a great deal of work to do on the farm. Betsy helped Mother do the housework and tend the baby. Her brother Ben helped Father plant seeds, pull weeds, hoe corn, and care for the horses and cows.

The Chase family didn't often go to town. The town was ten miles away, and ten miles was a long trip in a wagon drawn by horses.

But one morning Ben and his parents had a good reason for going to town. They were going to see President Washington, who was making a journey through that part of the country.

Ben was wearing a handsome new soldier suit, because he was going to march in the parade for President Washington. How excited Ben was! He was so eager to see the President that he had been dressed since daybreak.



Betsy had promised to stay at home and tend her baby brother.

While she was waving good-by to Ben and her parents, she said to herself, "How I wish that I could see the President, too!"

She thought about the interesting sights that her family would see in town. Soldiers would be lined up to greet the President, and little girls would scatter flowers before him. Best of all, there would be the great man himself.

As Betsy went into the house to tend the baby, she wondered what the President would look like. She had always heard that he was a tall, handsome man with a serious-looking face.

Betsy Has an Unexpected Visitor

While the baby was asleep and Betsy was churning butter, she suddenly heard the galloping of horses' hoofs. She ran outside and saw four soldiers on horseback coming down the road.

Back of them came the finest coach Betsy had ever seen. It was drawn by four white horses, and behind it were more soldiers.

The coach stopped, and a tall, handsome gentleman got out. As he came up the path, Betsy went to greet her unexpected visitor.

"Good morning, little maid," said the tall gentleman, taking off his hat and bowing.

"Good morning, sir," said Betsy politely.

"I have had no breakfast this morning," the man said. "Do you think your mother would give me some breakfast?"

Betsy answered his question politely. "My father and mother have gone to town this forenoon," she said. "President Washington is making a journey through this part of the country, and they have gone to see him. But I will try to get some breakfast for you."

"Thank you, little maid," the gentleman said. "If you are as quick as you are pretty, you will prepare a meal in a short time."

"I will do the best I can," promised the little girl.

She showed her guest into the house and asked him to be seated.

Then Betsy told him that she had stayed at home to tend the baby. She also told him about her brother Ben and the reason he had gone to town.

"Ben will march in the parade to greet our President," she said. "Oh, how I wish that I could see President Washington, too!"

When Betsy said that, the tall gentleman smiled as if he knew a secret joke.

"Just get me a good breakfast," he said, "and I promise that you shall see President Washington before your brother does."

"The gentleman is joking," thought Betsy. With a smile she answered, "Yes, sir, I shall get breakfast for you with pleasure."

At once Betsy began to prepare the meal. She spread a white linen cloth on the table. She set the table with her mother's best silver and got the best dishes from the shelf. She brought bread and butter and cream, and some honey that had come from a hive in the yard.

Then she cooked a slice of ham and two eggs for her unexpected visitor, and made him a cup of tea.

"Breakfast is ready, sir," she announced.

"Thank you, my little cook," he answered. "You were very swift. I see that you really are as quick as you are pretty. It will not be long before I can go on with my journey."

The tall gentleman sat down at the table, and Betsy served him the ham and eggs she had cooked.

"Ah! You have prepared an excellent meal for me," said the gentleman.

Betsy looked on with pleasure while her guest had his breakfast of ham and eggs, honey, bread and butter, and tea.

When he had finished, he rose from his chair and said, "Thank you, little maid, for an excellent breakfast."

Then the gentleman bent over and kissed Betsy. His eyes twinkled as he said, "Tell your parents and your brother that you saw President Washington before they did, and that he kissed you, too."

Mother Shoots a Bear

The morning after President Washington's visit, Mrs. Chase and Betsy washed some linen towels and spread them out to dry. The baby played on a blanket nearby.

Betsy talked happily as she spread out the linens. She was telling again the story of how President Washington had kissed her after she cooked breakfast for him.

"I know it was a great pleasure for you to meet the President," said Mother. "But don't be too excited. We have much to do this forenoon while Father and Ben are in the woods."

Just at that moment Betsy heard a noise at the edge of the woods. When she turned around and glanced in that direction to find out the reason for the noise, she trembled with fear.

Though she opened her mouth to speak, Betsy was too terrified at first to make a sound. Finally she managed to whisper weakly, "Oh, it's a bear!"

When Betsy's mother turned and looked toward the woods, she saw a huge brown bear. The creature stood perfectly still at the edge of the forest, watching them.

While Betsy and her mother stared at the bear, he began moving toward them. Then Mother spoke to Betsy, and the bear must have heard her, for he halted.

"Betsy," Mother said in a low tone, "don't move an inch, or the bear may rush at us. Stand perfectly still. I'll shoot him."

Betsy didn't move an inch, but she thought, "How can Mother shoot the bear? I have never seen her with a gun in her hands."

Betsy saw her mother move backward inch by inch, toward the door. Then Mother reached inside for a gun.

She aimed at the bear and fired. There was a loud bang, and a great puff of smoke came from the gun.

"I hit him, Betsy!" Mother announced in great excitement. "I'm sure I hit him!"

But as the smoke cleared away, they saw the bear lumbering off into the forest.

"At least I scared him away," Mother said. "I think I hit him, too," she added, as she dropped the gun and picked up the frightened baby. Hugging him closely to her, she shivered with excitement.

In a few minutes Mr. Chase and Ben came running out of the woods. As they ran, they called out questions. "What is the matter? Why did you shoot?"

"I shot a bear," answered Mother, still hugging the baby.

"Impossible!" cried Father. "How could you shoot a bear?"

"I think I hit him," Mother replied. "I aimed very carefully. But he went off into the forest. Father, please take your gun and follow his trail."

Mr. Chase took his gun and hurried off to follow the bear's footprints into the woods. In a few moments a shot rang out.

Soon Father returned and announced, "The bear is dead. Let's all go to see it."

He took the baby, and they walked into the forest until they came to the dead bear.

"Did I really shoot that huge creature?" asked Mother, while Betsy hugged her.

"If Mother shot the bear, why did you shoot him again?" Ben asked his father.

"The bear was still alive, and I took a shot at him," said Father. He winked at Ben as if to say, "Don't ask any more questions."

Betsy saw Father's wink, too, and at once she realized that Mother's shot hadn't touched the bear.

"Now, Mother," Mr. Chase asked, "what do you want to do with your bear?"

"We'll eat the meat," said Mother. "Then right in front of the fireplace we'll put the skin of the bear I didn't shoot!"

How everybody laughed! For Mother had seen Father's wink, also.

After that every visitor was shown a big, handsome bearskin on the hearth, which Father always called "Mother's Bear."

A Pot of Fire

Ben Makes a Trip for Fire

"Ben!" Mrs. Chase called one afternoon when her son was working outside. "Ben!"

The instant Ben heard his mother call, he hurried to the house. He knew by the tone of his mother's voice that something was wrong. He hoped it was nothing serious, for his father had gone to town early in the forenoon and would not be back before dusk.

"The fire has gone out!" cried Mother. "There is not a spark left."

While Mother and Betsy watched silently, Ben knelt on the hearth and began to scratch about in the ashes with a stick. But the fire was really out. He could not find a single spark among the ashes.

In those days it was a very serious thing to have a fire go out, for there weren't any matches. And without matches it wasn't easy to start a new fire. Every family was careful to keep a fire burning on its hearth day and night—winter and summer.

Without a fire Ben's mother couldn't do any cooking. When night came, it would be impossible to light the candles.

Only once before in all Ben's life had the fire in his home gone out. And that time his father had got some pieces of burning wood from a neighbor and had started a new fire with these hot coals.

So Ben did not need to ask questions now. "I will go to Uncle Zeke's and get some hot coals to start a fire," he said.

Then he added, "I will bring the coals back in the iron firepot, just as Father did the other time. If I follow the Indian trail through the woods, I can be back before dusk. By the trail it is only three miles to Uncle Zeke's cabin."

Ben walked rapidly along the Indian trail. Usually he liked to watch the robins and the woodpeckers, but today he hurried along until he reached Uncle Zeke's cabin.

The old man greeted Ben pleasantly and asked about all the members of the Chase family. When Ben told him the reason he had come, Uncle Zeke said, "I'll be glad to give you some hot coals from my fireplace."

Uncle Zeke went to the hearth and lifted the lid of the long-handled iron firepot. With a shovel he raked warm ashes away from the fire and put them in the firepot, and then he added some glowing coals.

"Now I'll cover the hot coals with warm ashes," he said, "and close the lid. Then you must start back at once, so that you will get home with the coals before dusk."

Uncle Zeke closed the lid of the firepot. Then Ben thanked him and hurried off.

But when he was about halfway home, Ben had an accident. He stumbled and fell down so suddenly that he lost his hold on the iron firepot. The sparks flew in all directions.

Even before he got up, Ben began to look for his firepot. And then he saw it lying on its side with the lid wide open!

The ashes and coals it had contained were spilled all over the trail. There were a few sparks, but the fire was quickly going out on the ground, which was damp.

"I mustn't lose my fire!" cried Ben, as he sprang to his feet. He found a flat stone, knelt down, and started to push together a few coals that were still glowing.

But in an instant he saw that it would be impossible to save the fire. He could easily push some hot coals into the firepot, but they would quickly go out because he didn't have any warm ashes to cover them.

A New Friend Comes to the Rescue

At that moment Ben saw someone coming down the trail. It was an Indian boy whom he had never seen before.

When the boy saw Ben, he stopped. "How!" he said. That was the only word he knew in the white boy's language.

"How!" repeated Ben. Then he pointed to the spilled coals and ashes and the empty firepot. "Fire," he said. "Fire."

The Indian boy repeated the word. Though he couldn't understand Ben's language, he knew what the white boy meant.

The Indian gazed silently at the empty firepot and the spilled ashes. And all of a sudden he noticed one coal still glowing on the trail.

Quickly he collected some dry leaves and laid them around and over the glowing coal. Then he and Ben both knelt down and blew gently on the coal.

Before long, smoke began to curl up from the leaves.

All of a sudden a bright flame blazed up. "Fire! Fire!" repeated the Indian, beaming because he had learned the new word from the white boy.

Ben and the Indian collected dry wood and added it to the fire, which was soon blazing brightly. But before they could fill the iron pot, the fire had to burn down to coals.

While they waited, Ben tried to think of a way to thank the Indian boy for coming to his rescue. It would do no good to say anything, since the other boy did not understand Ben's language.

Then Ben remembered that his favorite marble was in his pocket. He took out the marble and handed it to the boy.

The boy looked at the marble with great interest. He turned it over as if he liked its colors. At last he put the marble away and took out a whistle, which he gave Ben.

When the fire had burned down to glowing coals, Ben held the firepot while the Indian boy pushed some warm ashes into it. Then Ben added glowing coals and more ashes.

After Ben had closed the lid of the iron pot, the boys put out the fire that remained on the trail, so that not a spark was left.

When Ben got home, it was after dusk, and the house was cold and dreary without any fire on the hearth or any lighted candles. But soon a fire was blazing on the hearth, the candles were lighted, and kettles of food were steaming over the fire.

Ben told his father and the other members of his family why he was late.

"It is lucky that the Indian boy came to my rescue," said Ben, looking around at the pleasant room. "This would be a dreary place tonight if it hadn't been for him."

Betsy Goes Traveling

Off to the City

In the autumn a letter came from Betsy's aunt, who lived in a city forty miles away.

"I wonder why she is writing," said Mother.

When she read the letter, she found that Betsy's favorite cousin, Sarah Nickel, was to be married, and that all the members of the Chase family were invited to the wedding.

The letter said that Cousin Sarah had not made a wedding dress, because she would like to wear the lovely white satin dress that Betsy's mother had been married in.

"I'm sorry it's impossible for any member of our family to go to the wedding," said Mrs. Chase. "Ben and Father are too busy, and I can't go on account of the baby. But Sarah is welcome to wear my dress. I'll pack it in the leather case and send it to her."

"Couldn't I take the dress?" asked Betsy.

"Oh, no," replied her mother. "You are too young to travel forty miles alone."

But before the week was over, Father and Mother decided that Betsy might make the forty-mile journey to the city. She was the only member of the family who could go.

So early one autumn morning Betsy was waiting at the roadside for the coach that took passengers to the city. And while she waited, she sat on her trunk. Betsy wore a new red cloak and a bonnet with a ribbon to match. In her lap she held the leather case that contained the wedding dress.

At one side of the trunk was a basket full of dishes covered with a linen cloth. The dishes were a gift for Sarah. On the trunk lay a gift Betsy had made—a large pincushion.

Soon the stagecoach came rumbling up and stopped in front of Betsy.

"Well," cried the coachman, getting down from his seat, "so this is my passenger! It isn't often that such a young lady takes a journey in my stagecoach all by herself."

He put the trunk on top of the coach. Father laid the leather case, the basket, and the pincushion in the coach. Then he and the coachman helped Betsy up the step.

"Take good care of the case, Daughter," said Father, as he kissed Betsy good-by. "If anything happened to it, Cousin Sarah would be much disappointed."

"I'll take very good care of it," Betsy promised. "She shan't be disappointed. Good-by, Father!"

"Good-by, Daughter," replied Mr. Chase.

"Toot, toot!" The horn blew, and off went the stagecoach, rumbling and creaking.

The other passengers smiled when they saw Betsy's beaming face. One of them was an old lady in a blue bonnet, and the other was an old gentleman, whose eyes twinkled at Betsy over the top of his glasses.

"Can you manage all those things, my dear?" asked the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir, thank you," replied Betsy with a smile.

On the seat at one side of her she set the basket containing the dishes. On the other side she set the pincushion. Then she put the leather case on her lap, straightened her bonnet, and settled back with a sigh of happiness.

At the next town the stagecoach stopped to take on three passengers—a young lady with gay feathers on her bonnet, a boy, and a handsome young gentleman.

The passengers chatted together as the stagecoach rumbled along toward the city.

In Trouble and Out Again

Suddenly the coach stopped with such a jerk that the pincushion bounced right off the seat. Luckily the dishes didn't fall.

While the ladies were straightening their bonnets, the coachman opened the door and said, "One wheel is stuck in the mud. Will all of you please get out? If the men will help me get the wheel out of the mud, I think the delay will be short."

All the passengers got out. Betsy held on to the leather case while she watched the men struggle with the wheel. The autumn day was quite cold, and the ladies were soon shivering. The old lady began to sneeze, and Betsy felt very chilly in spite of her warm cloak.

Soon a man who lived nearby came up and said, "Ladies, this is a cold, dreary day, but I have a blazing fire in my house. Won't you come inside until the coach is ready?"

The two ladies left their packages in the stagecoach, but Betsy clung to the case that contained the wedding dress. She wasn't going to let it get out of her sight until she had delivered it to her cousin.

Betsy and the ladies sat down before the blazing fire. The ladies chatted, but Betsy soon grew sleepy in the warm room. Though she tried to keep awake, her head began to nod, and then her eyes closed. Before long she was sound asleep.

She did not hear the handsome young gentleman when he came to call the ladies. She was still asleep when he picked her up—cloak, bonnet, and all—and carried her back to the stagecoach.

When Betsy woke up, she was sitting in the coach, bouncing along. A warm robe was tucked snugly around her.

She straightened up and pushed the robe away. The other passengers were chatting together. The basket of dishes and the pincushion were in the coach. But the case containing Cousin Sarah's wedding dress was not on her lap! It was nowhere to be seen.

Betsy was very much worried. "Where are we?" she cried. "How did I get back to the stagecoach? And where, oh, where is my leather case?"

For a moment no one knew what she was talking about. Then she explained about the wedding dress.

The handsome young gentleman tapped on the window behind the coachman and asked him to stop. The coachman stopped the stagecoach, got down from his seat, and came to the window. As Betsy told him her story, she felt worse and worse.

"Oh, please go back!" she begged. "I cannot bear to lose that leather case. My cousin's dress is in it—the dress she is to be married in. I must not disappoint her!"

Though the coachman looked as if he would like to go back, he said, "I am very sorry, but it is impossible to return. We have already been delayed too long. You should have taken better care of the wedding dress."

"I know that it is all my fault," said Betsy, who was almost crying.

Then the young lady spoke up. "It is not the poor child's fault," she said. "She fell asleep while we waited in that house, and we did not wake her. She never knew that the leather case was left behind. I think we should go back, even if it delays us half an hour more. Betsy is making a forty-mile trip to deliver the wedding dress."

"I'm sorry, but I cannot go back," said the coachman. "We have been delayed too long now."

Betsy's eyes filled with tears. What could she do? How could she ever tell Cousin Sarah, who must be waiting eagerly for the wedding dress?

The coachman blew the horn and called to his horses. Away they went!

But soon everybody heard the galloping of hoofs, as a man rode up beside the coach. He was carrying the leather case! Quickly the coachman stopped his horses.

"One of the passengers must have left this case at my house," called the rider. "I found it, and I rode fast to bring it to you."

"Oh, that is the wedding dress!" cried Betsy, as soon as she spied the case. "Oh, I thank you, sir! Now I shan't disappoint my cousin, after all."

Just at dusk Betsy arrived in the city with the wedding dress. Her cousin, who had come to meet the coach, hugged and kissed her. Betsy beamed with happiness while she delivered the wedding dress safely into her cousin's hands.

Betsy and the Parrot

"Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly!" Betsy said to Uncle Zeke's parrot.

It was the day before Halloween, and Betsy had come down the trail to the cabin with a pumpkin pie for Uncle Zeke.

Though Uncle Zeke wasn't at home, Betsy had walked in to leave the pie. People who lived in the woods never locked their doors. They left them unlocked, so that their friends could walk in at any time.

"Pretty Polly! Talk to me!" coaxed Betsy, as she put the pie on the table.

The parrot straightened up and stuck her curved bill out of the cage. She blinked her eyes at Betsy, but she wouldn't talk.

All of a sudden Betsy heard the latch of the door lifted. "Good day, Uncle Zeke," she called, turning around.

But to her surprise, she saw three Indians standing in the doorway of the cabin. Betsy was used to seeing friendly Indians, and so she greeted them with a smile.

When the tallest Indian saw the pumpkin pie on the table, he grunted and pointed to it eagerly.

"He means they would like some pie," thought Betsy. "But this is Uncle Zeke's Halloween pie, and they shan't have a bite of it."

The tall Indian grunted again and came closer to the pie. He rubbed his stomach to show that he was hungry.

"Well," said Betsy to herself, "I believe I shall have to give each Indian a piece of the pie. I hate to do it, but half a pie will still be left for Uncle Zeke."

At once she picked up a long, sharp knife to cut the pie.

The instant the Indians spied the knife, they jumped back in fear. The one nearest to Betsy drew out a long, sharp knife, too.

"Oh, oh," thought Betsy in great surprise, "they are afraid of my knife! Those three big Indians are afraid of me!"

To show the Indians that she was friendly, Betsy smiled and laid down the knife.

Then the Indian put his knife away, also, and rubbed his stomach again to show how hungry he was.

"They didn't understand that I was going to cut the pie with the knife," thought Betsy. "So I don't dare pick it up again. I'll have to give the Indians the whole pie."

At that moment the parrot croaked in a hoarse voice, "Polly wants some dinner! Dinner! Dinner! Dinner-r!"

When the Indians heard the parrot's hoarse cries, they were terrified and ran out of the house. Betsy couldn't help laughing as she saw them disappear into the woods.

"Well, Polly," she said, "you scared the Indians away and saved Uncle Zeke's pie. Of course the Indians may come back, but if they do, I'll make sure they don't enter this cabin. I want Uncle Zeke to have his Halloween pie."

Hurriedly she shut the door and fastened the latch, so that the door couldn't be opened from the outside. Then she went back to the parrot.

"Polly wants some dinner," croaked the parrot hoarsely. "Dinner! Dinner-r-r!"

"I'll give you a little of the pie," said Betsy. "You earned it by frightening the Indians away." She put a small piece of pie on a stick and held it out to the parrot.

Just then she heard scratching and tapping at the window.

She looked up and saw the same three Indians peeking through the window. They were pointing at Polly and shouting some Indian words that Betsy did not understand. They kept repeating the same words over and over.

All at once Polly began to squawk again. "Polly wants some dinner," she cried in her hoarse voice. "Dinner! Dinner-r-r!"

But the Indians were no longer frightened by the parrot's hoarse cries. They kept peeking through the window, pointing at the parrot, and repeating the Indian words.

They were still at the window when Betsy heard the door latch clicking. Someone was trying to open the door. The next moment Uncle Zeke called, "Who is in there? Let me in!"

"Oh, I'm glad Uncle Zeke is back at last," said Betsy to herself. She ran to unfasten the latch, so that Uncle Zeke could enter.

"I see that you have some visitors," said Uncle Zeke, when he spied the Indians, who were beginning to tap on the window again.

He looked very much amused as he asked, "And what is the reason for keeping your redskin friends outside?"

"They wanted the pie that Mother made for you," explained Betsy, "but the parrot frightened them away. Then they came back and kept peeking through the window and repeating some Indian words that I couldn't understand."

"We'll soon find out what they want," said Uncle Zeke. He opened the door and invited the Indians into the house.

When they entered, they pointed first at the top of their heads and then at Polly and repeated the strange Indian words.

Uncle Zeke laughed aloud as he nodded to the Indians to show that he understood what they meant.

"They want some of Polly's feathers," he explained to Betsy, with an amused twinkle.

"All Indians like to wear feathers on their heads," Uncle Zeke added. "And these three redskins think that Polly's green and gold feathers are the handsomest ones they have ever seen."

"Oh, Uncle Zeke," Betsy cried, "won't it hurt Polly to have her feathers pulled out?"

"I don't need to pull them out," said Uncle Zeke. "When Polly's feathers fall out, I always save the handsomest ones."

Going to a shelf, he took down three of Polly's feathers and handed one to each of the Indians.

Then the three redskins went down the trail, proudly holding up the beautiful green feathers.

A Home for Sally

Early one morning Sally Frost was sitting on a stump, watching her father and Uncle Zeke as they swung a log up on a pile. They had chopped down trees to make the logs.

Sally and her parents were going to live near Uncle Zeke, and they were staying with him until their cabin could be built.

"I wish I had somebody to play with," said Sally. "In the village where we used to live, I had lots of friends. I'm afraid I'm going to be lonesome here."

Uncle Zeke smiled and said, "Betsy Chase, who is just your age, lives only three miles away. She will be company for you."

"Oh, Uncle Zeke," cried Sally, "I wish our cabin were built, so that Betsy could come to visit me."

For a while Sally just watched the two men silently. "I wonder how soon our house will be built," she said to herself. "Father and Uncle Zeke have been chopping down trees and chopping down trees. And still we haven't anything except piles of logs."

At last she said aloud, "Father, will our house be built by next week?"

"Oh, before that," said Mr. Frost, smiling. "Perhaps we can move in tonight."

Sally was amused. She said, "I don't think you can build a house in one day, even if you do have Uncle Zeke to help you."

With a twinkle in his eyes, Father replied, "Perhaps I shall have some other help."

While Sally was wondering what Father meant, she heard voices. Turning around, she saw three men coming down the trail, carrying axes and other tools. "We have come to help you," one of them called.

While Uncle Zeke was introducing the men to Mr. Frost, a carriage arrived. Sally saw two men, two women, and a big boy get out of the carriage and greet her mother and father.

More wagons and carriages came. The men brought their axes and other tools. The women brought baskets and kettles of food and took them to Uncle Zeke's cabin, where they would prepare dinner.

Eagerly Sally watched the groups of people arrive.

At last the Chase family came. Mr. and Mrs. Chase and Ben and Betsy got out with baskets and tools. They left the baby asleep in the wagon.

When Sally spied her neighbor, she ran to her and hugged her. "You are Betsy Chase, I know," she said. "Uncle Zeke told me about you. My! I am glad that a girl of my own age lives here. I thought I might be lonesome. Do you ever get lonesome?"

"Yes, I do," answered Betsy. "And I am very glad to have you for company, Sally."

As soon as Sally had helped Betsy carry her basket of food to Uncle Zeke's cabin, the two girls rushed outdoors again to watch the workers.

They found a big stump and sat down on it. It was still early in the morning.

How exciting it was to see the men work! The chips flew as they chopped with their axes. The workers were shaping the logs, so that they would fit together for the new cabin.

Then the girls saw some of the men carrying logs to the spot where the new home was going to be built! Sally became so excited that she could hardly breathe.

In a few minutes a log had been laid flat on the ground where each side of the house was going to be. A second row of logs was laid on top of the first row, and then a third. Now Sally and Betsy could see the shape of the cabin.

Every time the men put a new log in place, they pounded it with their axes to make it fit as tightly as possible against the others.

"What a noise!" cried Betsy, laughing and putting her hands over her ears, as row after row of logs was laid.

The three boys—Ben and Dick and Tom—were carrying stones for the chimney.

"How fast the men work!" exclaimed Sally. "When Father said that we might move into our cabin tonight, I thought he was joking. But now I know he meant it."

Happily the girls chatted as they watched the workers. By the middle of the forenoon they could see where the windows and doors of the cabin would be. The cabin seemed to be going up like magic.

Late in the forenoon the girls went to Uncle Zeke's cabin and tended the baby while Mrs. Chase helped get dinner. Soon the women were setting out food on a long table.

They brought kettles so full of stew that it almost spilled over. They sliced a baked ham and a whole roast pig. They set out potatoes, beans, and other vegetables, corn bread, jam, and cake. They poured steaming hot tea to drink.

When the men and boys laid down their tools and came to dinner, Uncle Zeke said that he was as hungry as a wolf. Sally and Betsy ran back and forth with plates of ham and bowls of stew and beans.

After the men had eaten all they wanted, the women and Sally and Betsy ate their dinner. Then the girls collected the crusts and scraps for Uncle Zeke's hogs.

When the dishes were washed and wiped, the two girls went back to look at the new cabin. To their surprise, the log walls were almost up.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Sally. "This house is going up like lightning."

Sally and Betsy sat down and watched. Soon the walls were up, and the men were starting to build the roof.

"Betsy," said Sally, "I thought it was impossible to build a house in one day. But we'll really be in our own home tonight, just as my father said. It's all on account of the kindness of our neighbors."

Betsy said, "Just as soon as Uncle Zeke told us that your father was going to build a cabin here, all of the neighbors said they wanted to help. They always help a new family get started."

Before dusk the new log cabin was finished, and the men were putting their axes and other tools into the wagons and carriages. There in the forest stood the new home, all finished and ready for the Frost family to move in!

Sally looked at it with a feeling of great joy, and then she gazed around her at the friendly neighbors who had helped to build a new home for her family.

She said to Betsy, "I shall enjoy living among such good neighbors and having a friend like you. I shan't be lonesome here in the woods, after all."

With a friendly smile Betsy said, "I felt very lonesome when I first came here to live, but now you and I will be company for each other. We'll never be lonesome again."

Sally beamed as she looked around at her new home, her new friend, and all the kind neighbors. This morning she had been a stranger, but now she felt that she really belonged here in her new home.

On the Road to Story-Land

The Brownie of Blednock

A Wee Man Comes to Town

Did you ever hear how a brownie came to the town of Blednock? It happened this way.

On a summer evening the men and women were at home, chatting quietly. Groups of children were playing outdoors.

All at once people began to peek out of their doors and windows. And no wonder, for someone who looked very, very odd was coming down the street.

He looked like a man and yet such a queer, wee man! His hands hung down below his knees. He had rosy cheeks, white hair, and a long white beard that touched the ground.

He was singing something over and over. And these were the words of his song:

"Oh, my name is Aiken-Drum,
And to do your work I've come.
A bite to eat, a bed on hay
You may give, but nothing pay."

Oh, but all the people in the village were frightened!

The little children screamed, and the big boys spilled the milk they were carrying home in pails. Then the boys began to make fun of the little man.

"Look at his long beard!" said one boy.

"Did you ever see such a queer fellow?" shouted another one.

But still the little man went slowly down the street, repeating his song:

"Oh, my name is Aiken-Drum,
And to do your work I've come.
A bite to eat, a bed on hay
You may give, but nothing pay."

The people of Blednock crowded around the wee man. They were all so excited that they did not notice his kind face and the merry twinkle in his eyes.

Instead of treating him with kindness, they shouted at him.

"Work without pay!" cried the innkeeper, who could not understand the little man's strange offer. "I've never heard of anyone offering to work for nothing. This odd little creature must be trying to play a trick on us!"

"Yes," said another man, "he must be a wicked fellow who will do harm in Blednock. Let's drive him away!"

The men and boys began to pick up stones and bricks. They would have thrown them at the little man if kind old Granny Duncan had not come out of her house just then.

In her arms Granny Duncan was carrying Baby Jean. As soon as Baby Jean spied the little man with the beard, she put out her hands to him and began to laugh with joy.

"Ah! I can plainly see that a good, kind brownie has come to our village," Granny Duncan said. "A baby always loves brownies and knows them at once. That is the reason Baby Jean is so pleased to see this little man."

"A brownie! A brownie!" exclaimed all the people in great excitement.

"Yes," said Granny Duncan, as Baby Jean laughed again. "This little man surely is a brownie. Baby Jean knows. We had better allow him to stay in the village. If we treat him well, he will bring us happiness."

When the men and the boys heard what kind Granny Duncan said, they began to feel ashamed of themselves, and dropped the bricks and stones.

The villagers were not sure that Aiken-Drum was a brownie. But they decided to allow him to stay for at least one night.

The innkeeper offered him a bed of hay in his stable, and Granny Duncan said she would make him a bowl of porridge.

The Wee Man Helps the Villagers

Early the next morning several of the village women ran to find Granny Duncan.

"Look at my bread!" one of them cried. "It's baked! I mixed it last night, and this morning every loaf was baked."

"And my butter was churned in the night!" exclaimed another woman.

"You were right, Granny," said a third woman. "A brownie has come to Blednock!"

People came running from all directions. How excited everyone was!

"Ah! You see!" said Granny Duncan to the villagers. "Aiken-Drum is a brownie."

And now all the people agreed with her.

So Aiken-Drum was allowed to stay in the village. The people never saw the elf again. But every evening one of the women took a bowl of porridge to the stable, and every morning when she went to get the bowl, it was empty. All that she ever saw was the brownie's little nest in the hay.

The villagers agreed that the brownie was the best worker they had ever known. Aiken-Drum chopped wood, brought in hay from the fields, milked the cows, and fed them.

If a tired mother fell asleep before her work was finished, he made her house clean and neat. He ironed the linen table-cloths and washed the plates and bowls.

Whenever help was needed, help came, as long as the brownie of Blednock stayed in the village.

The kind brownie might have remained in the village of Blednock the rest of his life if one of the women had not forgotten something. She forgot the song that he had repeated over and over when he first came to the village:

"A bite to eat, a bed on hay
You may give, but nothing pay."

The woman said to herself, "We should be ashamed to let the brownie work so hard and not give him any pay for all the work he does. Winter will soon be here, and he will be cold in his old coat. I will make him a little woolen coat, and later, I will make him a cap to match."

She did not tell anyone what she was doing, but every night she worked on the little woolen coat by candlelight.

On the night when she finished the little woolen coat, she went to the stable and laid it down just a few inches from the brownie's bowl of porridge.

She did not see Aiken-Drum when she put the coat down, but he saw her.

As he looked at the little woolen coat, the brownie felt very sad indeed. He knew he must go away, for a brownie cannot stay where he is paid for his work.

The next morning the little woolen coat still lay beside the bowl of porridge. None of the porridge had been eaten, and no work had been done in the village. So everyone knew that the wee man had gone away.

He never came back, but the people of Blednock remember his kindness to this day. And they still tell the story of Aiken-Drum, the brownie of Blednock.

Simpleton

One fine day a lad was walking down the road. In his pocket he had some gold coins, which he jingled as he went along.

Soon the boy met a farmer with a basket on his arm. "What is that jingling sound I hear?" asked the farmer. "Do you have some pennies in your pocket?"

"No," answered the lad, as he jingled the money again. "I have two gold coins which my brothers gave me. They sent me away from home because I am a stupid fellow. They call me Simpleton."

When the farmer heard that Simpleton had some money and was stupid, he decided to sell the lad his goose.

"See this fine gray goose!" he said. "It is one of the finest geese in the world. I'll trade it to you for your gold coins, and I'll give you the basket besides."

Simpleton thought this was a fine bargain, and he immediately agreed to the offer. He handed the farmer his gold coins and took the basket with the goose in it.

As Simpleton started off, he inquired of the farmer, "Whose grand house is that on the hill, with all those windows and those high towers?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know whose house that is?" exclaimed the man. "You should be ashamed to be so stupid. Have you never heard of the king's palace?"

"So that is the palace of the king!" cried Simpleton. "Then I know what I'll do. I'll take my goose to the palace and give it to the king."

On went Simpleton to the palace, with his basket on his arm and the gray goose in the basket.

When the lad reached the palace, he said to the servant at the door, "See this fine fat goose. It is one of the finest geese in the world. And it is a gift for the king."

"If you want to take that goose to the king, you must give me half of it," said the servant. "I am the keeper of the door, and half of everything that is carried in must be given to me."

"What shall I do?" cried Simpleton. "I cannot take half a goose to the king."

"I'll tell you what to do," said the servant. "Take the goose to the king, and when he offers you a reward, ask for gold coins or diamonds or pearls. I'll be satisfied with half the reward."

After Simpleton agreed to give up half of his reward, the keeper of the door allowed him to enter the palace.

They went into a fine hall with a marble staircase that led to the throne room. At the bottom of the marble staircase stood another servant.

"This is the keeper of the staircase," the first servant said to the boy. "Show him the present you have brought the king, and he will let you deliver it." Behind the lad's back, he winked at the second servant.

When Simpleton showed the keeper of the staircase his fat gray goose, the servant said, "Indeed, that is a fine goose. Half of it shall be mine, for I am the keeper of the staircase, and half of everything that goes up it belongs to me."

So Simpleton agreed to give this servant half of the reward, too.

The servants were amused to think what a stupid lad Simpleton was. They winked at each other as they led him up the marble staircase to the throne room.

Simpleton knelt in front of the throne and offered his fat gray goose to the king.

"This is a fine present," said the king. "What do you desire as a reward?"

"Ask for gold," whispered the doorkeeper.

"Ask for diamonds and pearls," whispered the keeper of the staircase.

But Simpleton said politely, "All I desire, Your Majesty, is a good beating."

"Don't be stupid," said the king. "Why should you desire a beating?"

Simpleton made a bow and repeated, "All I desire, Your Majesty, is a good beating."

So the king ordered two soldiers to take the stupid fellow away and beat him.

Then Simpleton spoke up quickly. "But the reward is not mine, Your Majesty," he said. "I had to agree to give one half of it to the keeper of the door and the other half to the keeper of the staircase. So let each servant have half of my reward."

Everyone was amused except the king and the two wicked servants.

"So you desired a reward," said the king, frowning at the two servants. "Well, you shall have it. You shall each have half of the beating."

When the servants were gone, the king said to Simpleton, "Tell me your name, my lad."

"My two brothers call me Simpleton, Your Majesty," replied the boy. "They say I am a stupid fellow, and that is why they decided to send me away from home."

"Well, I don't agree with your brothers," said the king. "I think you are a clever lad. Now I shall give you a better reward than gold or diamonds or pearls. You may stay at the palace for the rest of your life, and I'll put you in charge of all my servants."

The Man and His Donkey

A man and his son were walking along a road, driving a small donkey ahead of them. They were taking the donkey to the nearest town to sell it.

At a curve in the road they passed two girls, who were drawing water from a well. When the girls saw the man, the boy, and the donkey, they began to laugh.

"Just see those people walking when one of them could ride!" cried the first girl.

"We would never be so foolish ourselves," said the second girl. "The boy should mount the beast and ride!"

When the man heard what the girls said, he made his son get on the donkey, and he himself walked along beside the beast.

Before long they met some of the man's friends, who exclaimed, "Why do you allow that selfish boy to ride while you walk? He ought to be ashamed of himself! Why don't you mount the beast yourself and make your son walk?"

To satisfy his friends, the man mounted the little beast and ordered his son to walk behind him.

When they had gone just a short distance, they met some women and children.

"Oh," cried one of the women, "just look at that selfish man mounted on a donkey, while his poor little boy has to walk. The man should be ashamed of himself."

"Yes, he certainly is selfish," agreed the other woman. "The boy should ride, also."

To satisfy the women, the man ordered his son to mount the donkey, too.

Soon they met an old man, who asked, "Is that donkey yours?"

The father patiently answered the old man's question. "Indeed it is," he said. "And I am taking it to town to sell."

"Then why do you make the poor animal carry such a heavy load?" asked the old man. "By the time you get to town, it will be so tired that no one will buy it. It would be better for you to carry the donkey!"

To satisfy the old man, the father and his son got off the donkey. They found a pole, tied the donkey's legs firmly together, and put its feet over the pole. After that they swung the pole over their shoulders and stumbled along, carrying the heavy beast.

When they came to the town, men, women, and children immediately collected around them and began to laugh.

"What nonsense!" they cried. "Imagine carrying a donkey on a pole! We would never be so silly ourselves."

"Well," said the man to his son, "we have tried to please everybody, and we have not pleased anybody. After this we will please ourselves."

So they took the donkey off the pole, untied its legs, and drove it along just as they had done in the first place.

Then the man said, "We should never have listened to all those people. When we tried to please everybody, we didn't please anybody, not even ourselves."

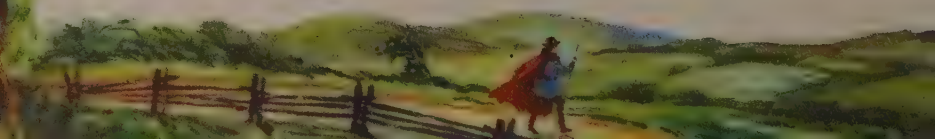
The North Wind and the Sun

Once the North Wind was boasting to the Sun. "I am stronger than you!" he roared in his gruff voice. "Watch me blow!" He huffed and he puffed.

"Yes, you are very strong," agreed the Sun with a smile, "but you are not stronger than I am."

"Of course I am stronger than you are," repeated the North Wind, frowning fiercely.

Just then the Sun noticed a traveler in a scarlet cloak walking far below them. "Do you see that man in the scarlet cloak?" he asked with a smile.



"Yes, I see him," replied the North Wind.

"Are you strong enough to make that man take off his cloak?" asked the Sun.

"Oho! That's easy," boasted the North Wind in a gruff voice. "Watch me."

With a great huffing and puffing the North Wind blew on the man and almost succeeded in blowing off his cloak. But it was a warm woolen cloak, and as soon as the traveler felt the chilly wind sweeping down on him, he wrapped it about him and held it firmly with both hands.

The North Wind frowned and blew again. Time after time he went sweeping down and tried to blow the cloak off. But he did not succeed. The man held his cloak more firmly and wrapped it more closely about him.

"You really do blow very hard," admitted the Sun. "But I see that the man still has his cloak on, in spite of your blowing."

The North Wind gazed at the traveler, who was hurrying along in the wind with his cloak wrapped snugly around him.

"Oho!" boasted the North Wind. "I have not finished with him yet. I'll not fail to make him take off that scarlet cloak! You will see him take it off before he goes any distance at all!"

Huff! Puff! Huff! Puff!

As the North Wind blew, the man looked colder and colder. But the more the North Wind blew, the more firmly the man held his woolen cloak, and the more tightly he wrapped it around him.

Finally the North Wind had to stop his boasting and admit that he had failed. He could not make the man take off his cloak.

"Now I'll try to make the traveler take off his woolen cloak," said the Sun, smiling. "And I think I'll succeed."

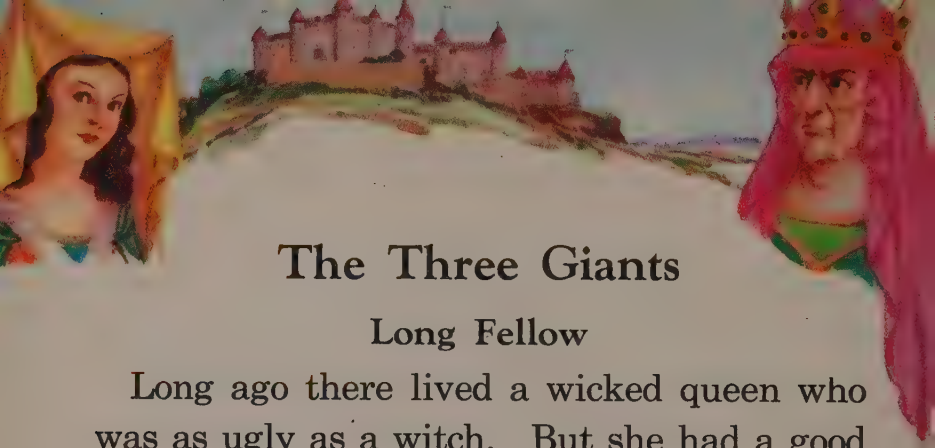
Gently the Sun shone down on the traveler. The man was delighted to feel warm again. Immediately he opened his woolen cloak and let it hang loosely from his shoulders.

The Sun shone hotter and hotter, and the man grew warmer and warmer as he went along. At last he grew very warm indeed. So he took off the scarlet cloak and carried it on his arm.

"Now," the Sun asked the North Wind, "who is stronger, you or I?"

And the North Wind, after all his boasting, had to admit that the Sun was stronger than he was.

The gentle Sun had succeeded, while the boasting North Wind had failed.



The Three Giants

Long Fellow

Long ago there lived a wicked queen who was as ugly as a witch. But she had a good and beautiful daughter. Everyone said she was the loveliest girl in the whole world.

To the palace came many young men who wished to marry the princess. The wicked queen said to every one of them, "You may have my daughter for your bride if you can perform three tasks."

The tasks were so hard that no one ever succeeded in performing them. And that was exactly what the queen wanted.

One day a young prince who lived a long distance from the queen's palace heard of the lovely princess. He made up his mind to perform the tasks and win the princess.

That very afternoon he set out on his long journey to try his fortune.

At dusk the prince stopped at the foot of a green hill and looked for a place to sleep. He spent the night in a haystack and slept soundly.

When he awakened the next morning, he straightened up and looked at the nearby hilltop. There he saw a sight that made him open his eyes wide in surprise.

An enormous giant who had been sleeping on the hilltop was just awakening. He sat up, yawned, and stretched. Then he looked down at the prince.

"Oho, my lad," he called in a merry voice, "wouldn't you like to come up here on the hilltop with me?"

The giant didn't wait for an answer to his question, but reached down, lifted up the prince, and set him on the hilltop.

When the prince had got over his surprise, he cried out, "I can hardly believe that you lifted me to the top of this hill!"

"Well," laughed the merry giant, "I don't like to boast, but that was very easy for me. You see, I am Long Fellow, the giant with the long arms. And I also have long legs. So if you want to go anywhere as fast as lightning, just say so, and I will take you. I have nothing to do this morning, and your company will be a pleasure."

Then the prince told the giant about the princess whom he wanted for his bride.

"I am on my way to the palace now," the prince said, "and when I get there, I shall have to perform three tasks for the cruel queen. But the palace is a great distance away. It must be hundreds of miles from here, and that is a long, dreary journey. Could you take me that far?"

"Oh, yes!" laughed the giant. "I don't call that a long, dreary journey!"

The next minute he had put the prince on his shoulder and was striding off in the direction of the queen's palace. The prince took a firm hold on Long Fellow's beard and clung to it while they hurried along.

"This is easy for me!" cried the enormous giant, as he raced along with great sweeping strides. "One small step down this hill! One middle-sized step over this meadow! And one big step over this broad river!"

Bright Eyes and Sharp Ears

Long Fellow took a few mighty strides beyond the river, and then he halted.

"Well, well, well!" he chuckled. "I see Bright Eyes, a brother of mine, over there in that field. Let's awaken him."

"A brother of yours!" cried the prince, looking all around. "Where is he? I don't see anything in the field but a big haystack. Is your brother behind the haystack?"

While the prince gazed in that direction, the haystack slowly began to move. It was not a haystack at all, but another enormous giant, who straightened up and greeted Long Fellow and the prince pleasantly.

This giant had such a bright light in his eyes that they shone like two stars.

"My brother can see far, far away," said Long Fellow. "He can see beyond the clouds and down to the bottom of the ocean."

After Bright Eyes had greeted his brother and the prince, he said, "I really don't want to boast, but I must admit that I am able to see farther than anybody else in the world."

When the prince had got over his surprise at seeing a second enormous giant, he told Bright Eyes about his plan to win the lovely princess for his bride. Immediately Bright Eyes offered to go along and help him.

"Thank you for your kindness," said the prince. "Your company will be a pleasure. And with two such helpers I shan't fail to perform the tasks."

"Come on! We mustn't delay," said Long Fellow. Off they all went.

When they had traveled quite a distance, Bright Eyes exclaimed, "There is the third member of our family. Our other brother is sitting on a mountain forty miles away. Let's go over and chat with him."

With a few sweeping strides the giants reached their brother.

The third giant was not so tall as Long Fellow, and his eyes were not so bright as stars, but he had huge ears.

"This is our brother Sharp Ears," said Long Fellow. "He can hear everything that goes on in the world."

"Yes," said Sharp Ears to the prince. "I don't want to boast, but I can hear things that were said years before you were born. I can even hear what people are thinking. Right now I can hear you thinking that you would like to have me go along with you and help you."

"Yes, that is just what I was thinking," admitted the prince. "Please come with us."

"It will be a pleasure," said Sharp Ears.

The three enormous giants went striding swiftly through six whole countries and into the seventh.

All of a sudden Bright Eyes called out, "There is the palace of the cruel queen."

"Where?" asked the prince. "I can't see any palace."

"It's about forty miles away, just beyond that forest and town," replied Bright Eyes. "And the princess is in the garden, picking flowers beside the pool."

"I can't see the princess, but I can hear her singing a lovely song," said Sharp Ears.

"Well, brothers," said Long Fellow, "I can't hear the princess singing, and I can't see the palace. But I can take the prince there in a hurry."

Bright Eyes led the way, and the three giants went striding along. In a very few minutes they arrived at the palace.

The prince thanked the three giants for their kindness and said, "If I succeed in winning the beautiful princess for my bride, you shall all stay in the palace as long as you like."

The prince told one of the servants that he wished to see the queen, and the servant immediately took him into the palace.

The Three Tasks

When the prince reached the throne room, he told the wicked queen what he wanted.

"To win the princess, you must perform three tasks," said the queen. "If you fail, you will be killed. First, tell me what I said to myself five years ago today and bring me the right answer in twenty minutes."

At the gate the prince found the giants and told them about the first task.

"That's very simple," said Sharp Ears. "I hear what she said five years ago. She said she would hide her pearl necklace."

In fifteen minutes the prince returned with the right answer.

The cruel queen was in a great rage. "You won't find the next task so simple!" she shouted. "Tell me where I hid my necklace. Bring me the answer in half an hour. If you fail to bring the right answer, you will be killed."

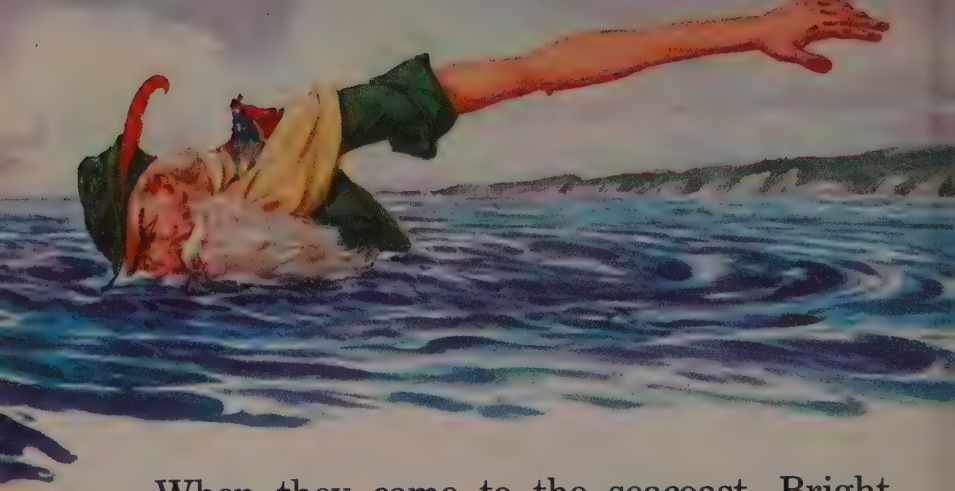
When the prince went outside and told the giants about the second task, Bright Eyes said, "That is simple. I can see the pearl necklace at the bottom of the ocean."

In fifteen minutes the prince returned with the right answer.

In a terrible rage the queen screamed, "I know you can never perform the third task. Find the necklace and deliver it to me in one hour. If you fail, you will be killed."

As soon as the prince told the giants about the third task, Long Fellow said, "Oh, that's simple. Bright Eyes will help me."

Long Fellow put the prince on his shoulder, and the two giants started for the ocean.



When they came to the seacoast, Bright Eyes told his brother where the necklace was. Long Fellow walked into the ocean, bent over, reached down with one of his long arms, and brought up the necklace.

"That was easy," said Long Fellow, and they all three started back to the palace.

When the prince handed the queen her necklace, she tried to scream at him, but she was in such a rage that her voice was just a hoarse croak. She rushed out of the palace and was never seen again.

The next day the prince and the princess were married. And the three clever giants, Long Fellow, Bright Eyes, and Sharp Ears, came to live with them at the palace.

The Sleeping Beauty

The Fairies Promise Gifts

A long time ago there lived a king and a queen who were very happy because a baby daughter had been born to them. They held a great feast at their castle to celebrate her birth.

To this feast they invited twelve fairies. Every one of the twelve fairies came to the feast, and every one of them had a gift for the cunning baby princess.

The first fairy promised the child beauty, the second fairy promised her goodness, and the third one promised her riches. So they went on, until the baby princess had been promised everything in the world that a child could desire.

Eleven of the fairies had announced their gifts, and the last one was ready to speak, when in walked another fairy. She had not been invited to the feast to celebrate the baby's birth, and she was very angry.

In a loud voice she announced, "On the day the princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger on a spinning wheel and die!" Then the wicked fairy disappeared.

But luckily one of the twelve fairies had not yet announced her gift. She got up, leaned over, and kissed the baby princess. Then she said, "The princess will prick her finger when she is fifteen years old, but she will not die. She will only fall into a deep sleep that will last a hundred years. Then a prince will awaken her."

Immediately the feast ended, and the king commanded that every spinning wheel in the country should be burned.

The Promises Come True

Years went by, and the princess grew into a young girl. She was beautiful and good and kind, and everyone loved her. The promises of the good fairies had come true.

On the day when the princess was fifteen years old, everybody in the castle was busy preparing a great feast to celebrate her birthday.

While all the people in the castle were busy, the princess wandered about by herself. She came to a room high up in the tower of the castle, opened the door, and peeped in. An old woman as ugly as a troll was working at a spinning wheel.

"Good morning," said the lovely princess politely. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," answered the old woman.

"What fun it is to see the wheel go round so merrily!" said the young girl. "Please let me spin a little while."

"With pleasure," said the old woman, with a sly smile. "Sit down," she went on, "and I'll show you how to spin. It's very simple."

The ugly old woman, who was really the wicked fairy, thought that her wish would soon come true. And indeed, the instant the lovely princess gave the spinning wheel a turn, she pricked her finger.

Immediately the princess fell back on a bed nearby. She lay limp and still, and the cruel fairy thought she had died when she pricked her finger. Instead, she simply lay in a deep slėep.

At the same moment everyone else in the castle fell asleep, too. The king and queen went to sleep on their thrones. All around them slept the ladies and gentlemen of the palace. The servants of the castle fell into the same deep sleep—the maids, the men, the cook, and the kitchen boy.

Hulda, the cook, had been frowning at the kitchen boy and scolding him because he had forgotten to do an errand. The cook fell asleep so quickly that the frown stayed on her face, and her finger still pointed at the boy. The apples she had been peeling spilled from the pan into her lap.

The fire in the kitchen died out, and the meat for the feast stopped roasting. Every fly on the ceiling stopped buzzing.

In the yard the geese and chickens slept, and in the stables all the horses and cows went to sleep. The birds on the high tower tucked their heads under their wings and slept. Even the wind died down.

After that a hedge of thorn trees began to grow up around the castle. And while everything else stayed just as it was, the hedge of thorn trees kept growing higher and higher.

Finally the castle was surrounded by such a tall hedge that nothing could be seen of it except a high window in the tower where the princess slept.

The Sleeping Beauty Is Rescued

A hundred years went by. Then a young and handsome prince who lived in a land far away heard the story of the beautiful princess. He wanted to rescue the princess and win her for his bride.

"I'll find the Sleeping Beauty and awaken her!" he said.

The prince mounted his horse and set out in the direction of the castle. Day after day he rode, until finally he saw the tall hedge of thorn trees. Beyond it he could dimly see a high window in the tower of the castle.

When he came to the hedge of thorn trees, a pathway opened for him by magic, and he rode into the yard.

The first building the prince passed was the stable. When he looked in, he saw the horses and cows all lying asleep.

He went into the castle through the kitchen entrance, and there he saw the cook asleep with the pan of apples spilled in her lap and her finger pointing at the kitchen boy.

The prince hurried on until he came to the throne room, where the king and queen slept on their thrones. And the ladies and gentlemen of the castle slept, too.

On went the prince. He walked from room to room, looking for the Sleeping Beauty. At last he came to the tower room where the princess lay. She looked as beautiful as she had looked on the day when she pricked her finger and fell asleep.

The handsome young prince knelt down and kissed the princess. Instantly she awakened and smiled at him.

Together they went down from the tower and awakened the king and queen.

Then all the people in the castle woke up.

The animals in the stable awakened and shook themselves. The birds on the towers flew off. The flies buzzed and flew from the ceiling. The wind started blowing, and the hedge of thorn trees disappeared.

The very next day the prince married the beautiful princess, and her father gave a great feast at the castle to celebrate their wedding. And the prince and the princess lived happily ever after.

Cinderella

The Fairy Godmother

Once upon a time there was a beautiful young girl who had to do all the hard work in the house. Her two older sisters, who were very lazy, did nothing at all.

When the poor, tired girl had finished her work, she would sweep the hearth and sit by the warm cinders. So her cruel sisters called her Cinderella.

No matter how cruel her two sisters were, Cinderella was always gentle and kind to them. And though she had only ragged clothes to wear, she was a hundred times more beautiful than either of her selfish sisters.

Now it happened that the king and queen were going to give a ball to celebrate the prince's birthday. The older sisters were invited to it, and for days they talked of nothing else.

On the evening of the ball the two sisters were dressed in their beautiful gowns of silk and velvet. One wore a pearl necklace, and the other wore a diamond necklace. They looked very grand indeed.

After Cinderella saw her selfish sisters leave for the palace, she longed to go to the ball. She felt so sad because she had to stay at home that she could not keep the tears from her eyes.

Cinderella had a godmother who was a fairy. While the maiden sat crying in the cinders, her godmother suddenly appeared and asked in a kind voice, "Why are you crying, my child?"

"I wish I could—I wish I could—" but the girl was crying so hard that she was not able to finish her sentence.

Since the godmother was a fairy, she knew without being told what the girl desired. So she said, "You wish that you could go to the ball, don't you, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Cinderella.

"I promise that you shall go to the ball," said the fairy. "So stop crying. First, let us go to the garden and find the largest pumpkin that is growing there."

Cinderella did not understand how a pumpkin would help her go to the ball, but she went to the garden with her godmother. There they found a large pumpkin, which they cut from the vine.

The fairy godmother struck the pumpkin with her magic wand.

Immediately the big orange pumpkin was changed into a magnificent coach, all gold and scarlet.

Then the fairy godmother said, "You will find a mouse trap in a corner of the kitchen. Bring it to me."

Cinderella wondered why her godmother wanted a mouse trap, but she obeyed and brought the mouse trap. In it were six live mice. The fairy opened the door of the trap. As each little mouse ran out, she gave it a tap with her magic wand and changed it into a fine, prancing horse.

"Now," said the fairy, "bring me the rat trap from the barn."

Cinderella obeyed and brought the rat trap, which had three large rats in it.

The fairy let out the rat with the longest beard, tapped him with her magic wand, and changed him into a coachman with a long white beard. The coachman mounted to the high seat of the coach and sat there, just as if he had been driving the coach all his life.

Then the fairy godmother said to the girl, "Go to the garden and bring me the lizards that are behind the watering pot."

Cinderella obeyed. She found six lizards and took them to her fairy godmother, who touched each one with her wand.

Then the lizards were changed to footmen, all dressed alike in scarlet coats trimmed with gold. The six footmen jumped on the back of the coach and held on firmly, as if they had been doing nothing else all their lives.

Next the fairy touched Cinderella with her magic wand, and the maiden's ragged dress was turned into a ruffled gown of yellow silk. Around her neck appeared a necklace of pearls and diamonds, and on her feet appeared a wonderful pair of glass slippers that sparkled like diamonds.

"Get into the coach, my child," said the fairy godmother.

Cinderella beamed happily as she obeyed. Never before had she been so happy.

"Now remember one thing!" Cinderella's godmother warned her. "You must leave the ball before midnight.

"When the clock strikes twelve, your fine coach will turn into a pumpkin again, and your prancing horses will change back to mice. The coachman will again become a rat, and the footmen will all be lizards.

"Your beautiful ruffled silk gown will be changed back to the old ragged dress you were wearing. So be sure to leave before midnight."

The happy girl promised to obey the fairy and leave the palace before midnight.

Then the fairy waved good-by with her wand, and Cinderella rode grandly away in the magnificent coach.

Cinderella at the Ball

When Cinderella's coach drew up before the palace, the king's son was told that a beautiful princess had come to the ball.

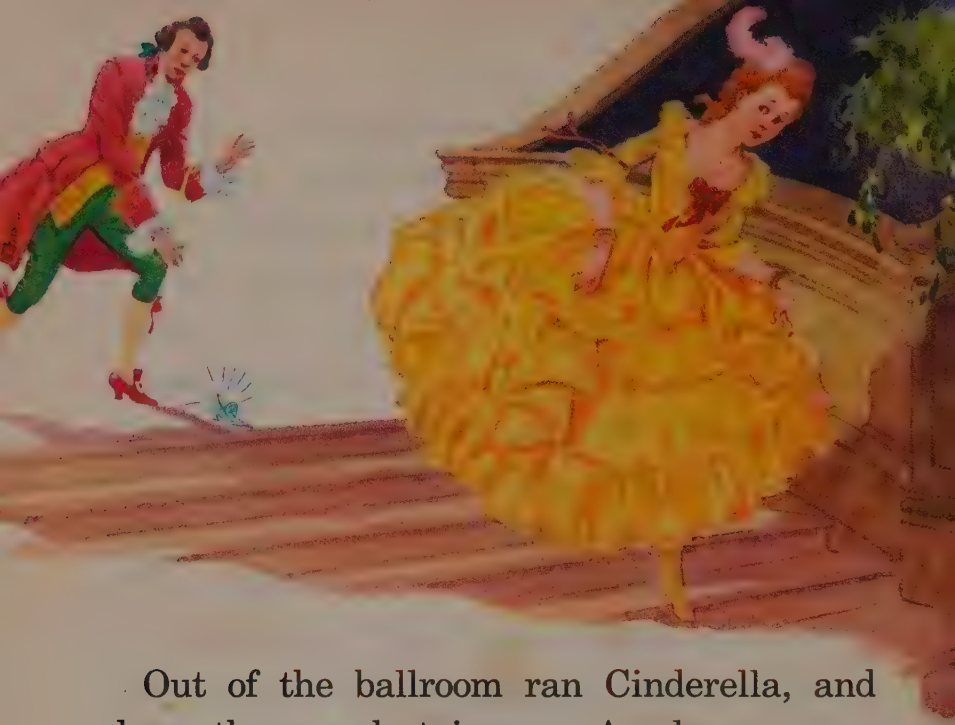
As she stepped from the coach, the prince himself ran to lead her up the grand staircase and into the ballroom, which was lovely with candlelight and flowers.

All the guests admired the beauty of the maiden in the ruffled yellow gown. The king himself could not turn his eyes away from her, and the queen repeated again and again, "I have never seen such a lovely girl."

The prince danced with Cinderella many times. So beautifully did she dance that everyone admired her.

Cinderella enjoyed herself so much that she forgot all about watching the time. And suddenly, while she was dancing with the young prince, the clock struck twelve.

Then Cinderella remembered the fairy's warning. But it was too late to obey her godmother. It was midnight!



Out of the ballroom ran Cinderella, and down the grand staircase. As she ran, one of her beautiful glass slippers fell off.

The prince ran after her. On the staircase he saw the glass slipper and bent to pick it up. When he raised his head, there was no sign of the maiden he admired so much.

Cinderella had to go home on foot. For when the clock struck twelve, the coach was a pumpkin again, and the horses were mice. The coachman became a rat with a long beard, and the footmen were lizards.

The rat, the lizards, and the mice went scurrying away in all directions.

When Cinderella reached home, her ruffled silk gown and her necklace of diamonds and pearls were gone, and she had on her old ragged dress. Nothing remained of all her beautiful clothes except the glass slipper. Cinderella wrapped it up and hid it away.

Soon her two selfish sisters came home.

"A strange princess came to the ball in a wonderful coach with six footmen!" one of the sisters told Cinderella. "Everyone at the ball admired her beauty and her lovely ruffled dress. We talked to the strange princess ourselves, but we do not know her name, and the prince doesn't know it, either."

The other sister added, "At midnight the princess hurried away so fast that she lost one of her glass slippers. The prince picked it up. He admires the princess so much that he said he would give anything in the world to know whose slipper it is."

A Perfect Fit

A few days later the prince sent out two gentlemen from the palace, who announced, "The prince will marry the girl whose foot fits this slipper!"

The men tried the glass slipper on all the ladies of the palace, and on many other ladies, but none of them could get it on.

They brought it to Cinderella's sisters, and they each tried to squeeze a foot into the slipper, but they were disappointed.

When Cinderella offered to try on the slipper, her selfish sisters laughed.

But one of the gentlemen, who admired the girl's beauty, said, "Any maid in the land may try on the slipper."

He tried the slipper on Cinderella's foot, and it fitted perfectly.

The two selfish sisters admitted that the glass slipper fitted Cinderella. And their surprise was great when Cinderella got the slipper that matched, and put it on, also.

At that moment the fairy godmother again appeared and touched the maiden with her wand. At once Cinderella was dressed in the ruffled yellow gown and the diamond and pearl necklace that she had worn at the ball.

Then her sisters knew that Cinderella was indeed the beautiful maiden the prince was looking for. They threw themselves at her feet and told her how sorry they were for all the unkind things they had done.

The two gentlemen took Cinderella to the palace in a carriage. When the prince came out to greet her, he thought that she was more lovely than ever.

That very day the prince and Cinderella were married, and they lived happily ever after.

TO THE TEACHER

More Streets and Roads follows *Streets and Roads* and is designed to fit the basic reading needs at the late third-grade level. All the words of the preceding basic books are used in this book.

The *Think-and-Do Book* to accompany *More Streets and Roads* provides further development of word meanings and practice in recognition.

VOCABULARY LIST

The following list contains the 548 words introduced in *More Streets and Roads*. The following inflectional variants of known words are not counted as new words: possessives, plural nouns in *s* or *es;* verb forms in *s, es, d, ed, ing, n, en;* forms made by adding *er* of agent, *er* or *est* of comparison, *ly*, and *y;* forms regular except for the change of *y* to *i*, the dropping of *e*, or the doubling of a consonant before an ending. Words formed by prefixing *dis, re*, or *un*, or by adding the suffixes *en, ful*, or *ish* to known words are not counted. Compounds of known words and parts of previously learned compounds are not counted, nor are contractions in which the apostrophe represents only one omitted letter. Letters representing sounds that are not words are not counted.

Variations of the types listed have been presented in the *Guidebooks* for the preceding books of this series of Basic Readers.

UNIT I
5 —
6 George
Main
7 —
8 twinkle
stared
9 office
goodness
giggle
10 peeked
except
neither
11 package
inquired
12 replied
13 explains
suitcase
lying
14 —
15 puppet
practicing
Punch
Judy
16 theater
17 —
18 solving
mystery
detective
footprints
19 swiftly
20 —
21 kettle
dye
stove
22 spending
introduce
23 cheeks
sweater
stripes
24 entered
bowl
25 certainly
instant
26 —
27 exclaimed
expected
eagerly
28 —
29 trouble
rattling
30 cousin
Robert
slid
31 engineer
conductor
cord
32 passenger
33 discover
34 we've
aisle
baggage
35 —
36 —
37 department
Tony's
furniture
38 basement
carpenter
broken
39 shop
customers
40 counters
slipping
41 —
42 center
silk
43 —
44 —

45 contest
model
built
46 quite
account
47 shone
fifty
number
48 accident
soaring
cheered
49 swings
struck
50 torn
won
51 patch
glue
52 insisted
broad
strip
53 —
54 —

UNIT II

55 —
56 clouds
desert
narrow
57 burro
handle
freezer
58 heat
lonely
59 hail
shelter
60 bounce
saddle
scooped
61 packed
melt
62 bushels
sugar
peaches
mixed
63 dishes
64 Mary
autumn
Granny
65 beans
jars
whom
peddler
66 sparkled
sighed
67 you've
trails
visitor
68 cleared
69 attic
70 spare
bargain
71 —
72 Ricky
dock
ocean
73 hook
whose
nodding
74 bait
realized
laughter
75 knothole
bent
posts
76 settled
spent
jerk
77 fingers
ached
78 you'd
though
least
79 —
80 grinning
managed
81 Texas
ranch
cattle
deal
82 calves
83 collecting
herd
camp
84 yelled
swung
85 arrived
86 —
87 marked
brand
88 charged
stumbled
89 understood
meant
shoved
90 age
91 Mexico
market
blankets
vegetables
92 Carlos
language
stubborn
American
93 Mexican
coaxed
94 —
95 beast
96 —
97 —
98 Philip
lake
Canada
99 imagine
swimming
Indian
usually
100 pair
antlers
beach
moose
101 shy
weak
halted
102 wide-awake
adventure
thrilling
103 check
tracks
104 —
105 fog
dangerous
Nick
coast
106 Martin
oars
steer
haste
107 fault
striking
drift
108 steady
loop
aimed
109 shivering
damp
dim
110 chilly
search
motorboat
111 —
112 alive
lose

UNIT III

113 —
114 Lambkin's
cunning
lamb
hoofs
115 rather
squeeze
flip
116 aloud
butted
117 bleated
act
118 gorgeous
tossed
harm
119 ordered
struggle
120 sir
121 chewed
122 bath
tub
wipe
teakettle
123 perfumed
soap
towel

124 worried
blinking
125 tone
excuse
126 steaming
127 important
128 Herbert
newspapers
interesting
waste
129 sentences
130 seventh
131 gazed
132 shelf
sprang
electric
133 lightning
whiz
delighted
134 camera
click
135 —
136 stretched
slept
poles
worms
137 pelican
pouch
skin
138 whether
fact
139 fond
140 —
141 castle
prince
satisfied
142 chief
prepare
majesty
fit
143 excitement
delicious
none
144 peeling
145 spoons
146 ah
excellent
sauce
147 —
148 couple
cottage
beggar
starving
149 stew
fortune
150 rumbling
creaking
unlatched
neat
151 shape
ceiling
152 stool
153 monster
glaring
creeping
154 happiness
155 —
156 Bartholomew
plain
coach
157 commanded
rage
exactly
alike
158 nonsense
bare
robe
grand
159 send
duke
nephew
Wilfred
160 arrow
shot
161 tower
162 —
163 jewel
164 magnificent
diamond
165 —
166 —

UNIT IV

167 —
168 turnips
Whoofy
scrambled
169 surrounded
body
rapidly
dug
170 immediately
171 plump
creatures
172 tumbled
clinging
173 claws
174 —
175 prairie
burrows
tunnel
surface
176 warning
team
plow
destroying
177 scurrying
themselves
entrance
178 —
179 remain
180 tucked
181 escape
182 Porky
porcupine
spruce
tender
183 lumber
meat
frozen
184 protected
quills
185 crust
stomach
curling
186 howled
possible
faint
187 —
188 terrified
189 —
190 space
group
191 thumps
directions
flash
darted
192 curving
193 —
194 Streak
opossums
born
odd
195 stump
timid
clung
scratch
196 tremble
fear
wrapped
197 safety
198 wandered
perfectly
199 limp
breathing
dead
killed
200 favorite
201 Joan
scraps
Bramble
202 fed
patiently
203 backward
204 alarm
gentle
205 serious
break
206 silent
207 spite
208 —
209 parents
darkness
210 scent
beyond
hunger
bold
211 —
212 figures
snug
den

213 —
214 —
215 slice
216 —

UNIT V

217 —
218 Betsy
Washington
President
tend
219 reason
journey
handsome
soldier
220 greet
221 gentleman
222 question
forenoon
223 pleasure
linen
ham
announced
224 kissed
225 shoots
226 inch
gun
227 added
hugging
228 impossible
229 hearth
230 dusk
spark
knelt
ashes
231 matches
candles
coals
iron
232 members
lid
glowing
233 contained
spilled
234 rescue
repeated
235 blazed
beaming
marble
236 dreary
237 forty
married
wedding
leather
238 cloak
bonnet
lap
pincushion
239 stagecoach
disappointed
shan't
240 chatted
241 delay
242 delivered
243 —
244 —
245 spied
246 parrot
Polly
247 knife
248 —
249 hoarse
250 —
251 amused
252 —
253 chopped
lonesome
company
254 axes
tools
255 carriage
women
256 —
257 —
258 —
259 kindness
260 —

UNIT VI

261 —
262 brownie
Blednock
beard
Aiken-Drum
263 —
264 offer
Duncan
Jean
265 allow
ashamed
stable
266 agreed
267 —
268 woolen
269 indeed
270 Simpleton
stupid
271 —
272 pearls
273 —
274 desire
275 frowning
276 ourselves
mount
277 selfish
distance
278 firmly
279 —
280 boasting
scarlet
281 succeeded
sweeping
282 admitted
fail
283 —
284 giants
bride
perform
tasks
285 haystack
enormous
286 cruel
287 striding
288 —
289 —
290 —
291 —
292 simple
necklace
293 fifteen
294 —
295 beauty
feast
celebrate
twelve
296 prick
spinning
die
297 —
298 gentlemen
299 —
300 hedge
thorn
301 —
302 —
303 Cinderella
godmother
304 gowns
305 wand
306 obeyed
rat
307 lizards
footmen
ruffled
slippers
308 midnight
309 admired
310 —
311 —
312 —
313 —

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